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JOHN BULL

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Edited by HORATIO BOTTOMLEY

SHELL

IS THE ONLY MOTOR SPIRIT

sold to dealers in bulk with the stipulation that it shall be stored and retailed separately,

NOT MIXED

with petrol of any other brand or grade.

ONE TO ME!

BY HORATIO BOTTOMLEY

Baby Joy takes Mothers into her confidence.

SHE shows how much she enjoys Cow and Gate Milk Food by emptying her bottle every time without a murmur. Like Oliver Twist, she is always asking for more!

The bloom on her firm little cheeks, the glow of perfect health in her bright eyes prove how she thrives on this pure Milk Food.

Mothers! Your little one can thrive on Cow and Gate Milk Food, too! There's a free sample waiting to be sent with our compliments. Will you send us your name and address and three penny postage stamps to cover postage and packing?

COW & GATE HOUSE,

GUILDFORD, SURREY.

Free Sample Coupon.

Send me by return post sample Cow and Gate Milk Food. I enclose 3d. in stamps.

Name .....

Address .....

.....

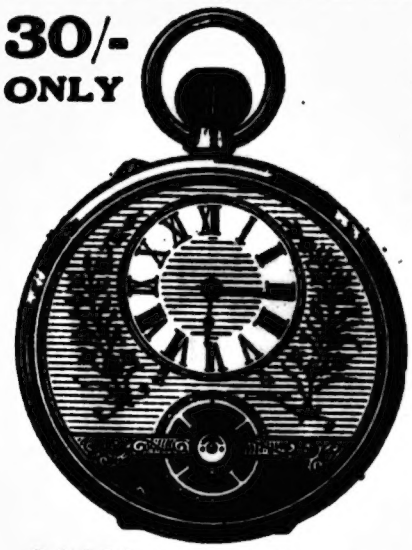
My Chemist is .....

The World's Best Bargain To-day.

THE ONLY SILVER 8-DAY WATCHES IN EXISTENCE.

THE UNIVERSAL STORES—the Great Manchester Mail-order firm—are again to the front with another amazing bargain.

30/- ONLY



Solid Silver, jewelled movement. Goes for 8 days and warranted for 5 years.

This week we are making a marvellous and unprecedented offer of a High-grade, Patent, solid Silver 8-day Watch, Govt. Hall-marked. Beautiful jewelled movement, accurate and reliable timekeeper and goes for 8 days with once winding.

The watch to keep an appointment with.

A watch you do not find stopped at a critical moment for want of winding or overwinding.

Most watches get out of order through overwinding, but these wonderful watches having a patent automatic release action cannot be overwound, and are warranted by the makers for 5 years.

Take immediate advantage of this remarkable offer and become the happy possessor of one of these handsome watches.

A beautiful watch that any gentleman will be proud of.

A watch that will last a lifetime and is honestly worth 3 guineas.

A novelty as well as a valuable timekeeper.

SEND YOUR ORDER NOW TO SAVE DISAPPOINTMENT.

Satisfaction Guaranteed or Money Refunded.

THE UNIVERSAL STORES (Manchester) Ltd. 14, NEW CANNON ST., (J.B.1) MANCHESTER.

STARTLING REGAL OFFER

WORLD'S BEST COAT

25/- Carriage Paid

WILL KEEP YOU DRY IN THE FIEREST WEATHER.

EVERY 100th COAT FREE.

Money back if not satisfied.

The "RAINSTER" Weatherproof

is made in a variety of STYLES and Shades for Ladies', Gent's and Children's wear, from Triple-Proofed Materials which will withstand the fiercest weather and hardest wear, as over 800,000 satisfied wearers can tell you, and cannot be equalled elsewhere at double the price.

SEND NO MONEY. Simply write for FREE PATTERNS, STYLES, &c. Convince yourself that NO FIRM can possibly give BETTER QUALITY, BETTER STYLES, or BETTER VALUE.

"REGAL" Under-coat BARGAIN OFFER.

For a further limited period only, to give every Lady or Gent. in the land an opportunity of securing one of these world-famous Coats at **25/-** Carriage paid.

So don't delay, send in your order now. The demand is simply enormous.

YOU MAY GET YOUR COAT FREE If in ROTATION your letter happens to carry the 100th Order, in which case we refund to you the full Purchase Price.

ORDER WITHOUT DELAY AND AVOID THE RUSH.

REGAL MILLS LTD. (DEPT. J.) BLACKPOOL.

The largest firm in the Kingdom Manufacturing and Supplying DIRECT TO THE PUBLIC.

You Save Money in Home Baking, by using the famous British-made raising agent,

BORWICK'S BAKING POWDER

the quality of which makes a little go such a long way.

One teaspoonful is equal in effect to two teaspoonfuls of most other raising agents.

BUY YOUR CRETONNES DIRECT from the Factory

Effective Designs. Fast Colours. Hard Wear. Every Yard Guaranteed.

ONLY **1/6** per yd.

PATTERNS FREE.

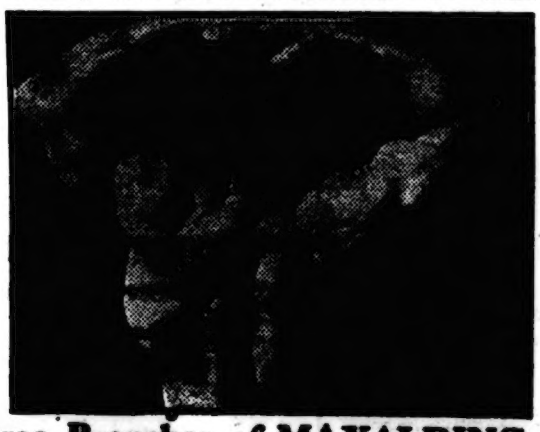
Also **CASEMENT CLOTH** in every variety. Finest quality. 50% below Retail Prices. Send for patterns.

J. HAWKINS & CO. 13, Bank Buildings, Cannon Street, MANCHESTER.

Another Amazing Result of a Course of MAXALDING.

The story of Case B. 12706 is briefly told here in picture and text, without comment or embellishment.

At the beginning of treatment on July the 25th, 1919.—Condition: Heart dilatation. Great exhaustion and weakness. Measurements: Weight, 9st. 4lb. Height, 5ft. 1in. Neck, 12½in. Chest (expanded), 36in. Waist, 30in. Forearm, 9½in. Biceps, 10in. Triceps, 9in. Thighs, 18in. Calves, 12½in.



At the conclusion of treatment on October the 22nd, 1919.—Condition: Heart normal. Lungs perfect. Health splendid. Measurements: Weight, 10st. 7lb. Height, 5ft. 1½in. Neck, 15in. Chest (expanded), 44½in. Waist, 32in. Forearm, 10in. Biceps, 13in. Triceps, 11in. Thighs, 23in. Calves, 14in.

The three Branches of MAXALDING are:—

THE CURATIVE TREATMENT, which eradicates Functional Disorders and strengthens the heart, lungs, and other internal organs.

THE HEALTH COURSE, for men and women who are organically sound, but lack nervous energy, and desire to be absolutely fit. Also for those who desire to be as bright mentally and as beautiful physically as Nature intended them to be.

THE GREAT STRENGTH COURSE, prepared for men who desire a very fine development and man's crowning Glory—Great Strength.

Write for the Booklet entitled "MAXALDING." and in your letter please state whether you desire to eradicate a Functional Disorder, to develop a Perfect Body, to increase Energy, or to acquire Great Strength. Your enquiry will cost you nothing and commit you to nothing, yet your desires may be realised beyond your expectations.

MAXALDING, 41, New Stone Buildings, Chancery Lane, London, W.C. 2.

JOHN BULL

"Here shall the Press the People's right maintain, Unawed by influence and unbribed by gain."—*Joseph Story.*

The Paper on which the Sun Never Sets.

Politics without Party—Criticism without Cant: Without Fear or Favour, Rancour or Rant.

"The hope of all who suffer, The dread of all who wrong."
Whittier.

Vol. XXX. No. 796. Week ending Saturday, September 3rd, 1921. Twopence.

THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND THE DEVIL.

[*The Editor discourses upon passing events and topics of the day.*]

The Westminster Election.

We do not propose to "go mad" over our great victory. Truth to tell, we are becoming accustomed to this kind of thing. Elsewhere, however, we point the moral—without, we hope, unduly adorning "the tale."

Freaks in Figures.

1234—these were the figures of General Nicholson's majority at Westminster over Colonel Applin, whilst at Dover Sir Thomas Polson's majority was the number of his motor-car.

Ireland.

Poor Mr. Lloyd George—and poor Mr. de Valera! Neither of them is free to surrender to the other—and there is no halfway house. While still, however, hoping for the best, we fear the worst.

The League of Nations and Silesia.

What is the egregious League doing about its latest "mandate" to solve the Silesian problem? By the time it has decided upon the tribunal to settle the dispute, the disputants will, like the Kilkenny cats, have probably devoured each other.

India.

We are afraid Lord Reading is having a rough time. He must regret having left the peaceful atmosphere of the Judicial Bench for a land seething with sedition and crime. We are glad, however, to be in a postion to state that one of the Independent Parliamentary candidates in the near future will be a gentleman of forty years' experience of Indian affairs, and a well-known public man.

Our Group's Holiday.

Mr. *Punch*—ever the kindliest of critics—suggests that we should take advantage of the recess to assemble our "private collection of Admirals and Generals under canvas on the Sussex Downs, for a course of intensive training in political economy." But all idea of economy is at once dispelled by the further suggestion that the canteen should be in charge of our good friend Mr. Hilaire Belloc!

St. Dunstan's.

We are second to none in our admiration for the splendid work done by this institution, but, in view of its manifold activities in the way of financial appeals, we suggest that Sir Arthur Pearson should give instructions for a full and detailed Balance Sheet to be regularly published, showing the amounts received through each effort made on its behalf. It would never do to have such a glorious cause tainted by the slightest suspicion of exploitation for private gain.

An Irish Anagram.

What do you think of this for an anagram on de Valera's name: "A real dev."? Pity "lin" cannot be added to it.

A New War Cry.

Support for our Public Defender Bill comes from an unexpected quarter, General Booth in his "Journal" giving it a warm blessing. We are gradually finding salvation.

Nationalisation Doomed.

The contrast between private and State management of the railways, now that Control has practically ceased, has afforded such an object lesson in the advantage of unfettered enterprise that we are not likely to hear much more of nationalisation in the present generation.

ONE-WEEK!
FOOTBALL PRIZE.
£1,000
FOR TEN.
Fill up the Free Football Coupon on page iii of Cover

Prohibition and Drugs.

According to the latest Police Returns, drug-taking in the United States has been enormously on the increase since the country "went dry." It is the old story—prevent a man from getting decent stimulant, and he will fly to any substitute.

The Soul of the Dog.

In our recent article in *Sunday Illustrated* on "Do Animals Live After Death?" we quoted Byron's scathing satire upon the conceit of man that he alone possesses an immortal soul. Here are some very fine lines from Pope's "Essay on Man," apropos of the "untutored savage":

> He thinks, admitted to that equal sky,
> His faithful dog shall bear him company;
> Go, wiser thou! and in the scale of sense
> Weigh thine opinion against Providence!

The Speaker's Success.

Many newspapers, in view of the rising of Parliament, have been indulging in reviews of successes and failures during the late Session. Most of them, however, overlook what has undoubtedly been the greatest personal triumph in the House—in the remarkable success of the new Speaker. No greater tribute to him can possibly be paid than that contained in an observation made to us one day by our honourable friend Major Christopher Lowther—"He is as good as my father."

Hurrah, Harrogate!

Congratulations to Harrogate at having at last adopted our suggestion and dropped the horrid name of Kursaal for its splendid Casino, now known as the Royal Hall.

Surplus Men.

According to a new publication, *Colonial Life*, Australia is full of waiting husbands—but we are warned that the prospective bride is expected to bring what the French would call a decent dot with her!

The Telephone Service

A very practicable illustration of the inefficiency of our telephone service is the fact that in this country there is one telephone to every fifty inhabitants, as against one to every eight in the United States. There must be something wrong somewhere.

A Barmy Bailie.

We observe that our old friend Bailie Ferguson, of Motherwell, has been at it again. Having before him a man charged with selling Sunday newspapers, this cranky cadi remarked that he hoped they would all be stolen—presumably because they are printed on Saturday!

Another to the G.P.O.

Last week we mentioned that an envelope addressed "King George's College for Business Men, London," had been endorsed by a postal official "Try Mr. Bottomley's address, Long Acre." Now comes this: "The Big One, London"—delivered to us by a similar process. Mr. Kellaway evidently knows us.

That N.E. London Demonstration.

On Saturday last was sounded the bugle-call for the Independent onslaught on North-East London at the General Election, when three of our Parliamentary colleagues, Colonel Claude Lowther, Major Christopher Lowther, and Sir Cecil Beck, made their bow to the electors of Hackney and Bethnal Green, receiving an ovation boding well for their success. We shall endeavour still further to concentrate our electoral activities.

Parliamentary Private Secretaries at Dinner.

There is an annual festive gathering of Parliamentary Private Secretaries to Ministers—who ironically describe themselves, for this occasion only, as "the alternative Government Group"—meaning thereby and intending to convey, as the lawyers put it, that they are prepared and qualified at any time to step into their Ministers' shoes. One of the dishes this year was "Biff tek Anti-Waist à la Bottomley," and we understand that it was devoured with avidity, and without any subsequent discomfort.

Dole and Doldrums.

Many unfortunates whose very existence depends on the dole are bluntly informed on paying out day that cash is not forthcoming pending their attendance before a committee who will decide upon the claim. Surely the small army of clerks employed could afford the time to give the poor fellows due notice when the pay is to cease, thereby saving them the bitter disappointment of an aimless quest.

"The Abode of Love."

It appears that the notorious pastor of the Agapemonite Church at Spaxton, Smyth-Pigott, to whom we had a good deal to say some years ago, has lately returned from a tour in Norway, and has again taken up residence at his "Abode of Love." It is rumoured that he is about to start fresh propaganda for the purpose of obtaining more converts to his creed, and it is as well, therefore, that the more credulous public should be warned in time against his insidious methods. We may possibly have occasion to return to this subject.

On the Watch.

Nothing seems to dismay the Bishopsgate Trading Company, Bishopsgate, London, for they are still working their old stunt. A Blackburn resident has received from them a circular informing her of her "good fortune" in being awarded one of their valuable prizes—to wit, a lovely lever watch. Though she has been awarded the timepiece they will take care she doesn't get it until she pays 9s. 11d. for a chain, and even neither watch nor chain will be worth wearing. Nobody except fools allow themselves to be imposed on by the Bishopsgate Trading Co.

Black and White.

A South Kensington reader, who has spent many years in the principal cities of India and knows the people and their customs, asks us to warn English girls against Indians whom they may meet in this country. On no account should they encourage these natives in sentimentality, and even the thought of marriage with Indians should be as repugnant to them as the consummation would be disastrous. In India a white woman wedded to a native is socially ostracised by her own countrywomen and countrymen. Her companions will always be black people, and they—secretly or openly despising her—will never be her friends. As Rudyard Kipling has said: "East is East and West is West, and never the twain shall meet."

Stealing by Finding.

The crime of stealing by finding is one which we believe is more often committed through ignorance than by criminal intent, and it is a pity that Magistrates display such a strange inconsistency in dealing with this class of offence. One day recently, Manchester papers reported that a man had been given seven days' hard for stealing by finding a purse containing 4s. 7d., while a railway employee who appropriated £3 10s. which he found in a purse a lady had left in a waiting-room was bound over, though he admitted he "succumbed to temptation," which indicated guilty knowledge, and a third man who picked up and pawned the contents of a kit bag dropped by a cyclist was similarly let off. These Magistrates want their heads knocked together pretty hard until they can agree as to the balance of criminality, as Mr. Balfour would say.

"Pob" and His League.

Nothing disturbs our noble and honourable friend, Lord Robert Cecil, more than the thought that there are people in this benighted world who do not take the League of Nations seriously. Perhaps when the unwieldy and costly thing is dissolved he will join the Labour Party as *liason* officer between the masses and the classes!

No Name.

A lad of fifteen, described in the local Press as "the son of most respectable parents," having brutally killed three cats belonging to a farmer, was charged with the offence before the Brighton Bench. The Bench signified its horror of the heinous offence by placing the misguided youth under probation. In our opinion, such a decision is a farce and the suppression of the criminal's name an unpardonable travesty of law and justice, for had he been the son of a poor person his identity would have been blazoned forth without compunction.

Excess Profits.

Confirming a few remarks we made recently about the preposterous differentiation in the postal charge made for words of the same number on postcards, a Lichfield reader sent a postcard to a relative in Oxford containing the greeting, "Best wishes, Ben." The card arrived surcharged 1d. The recipient spent 2d. in writing to the local Postmaster about it. Eventually the Secretary of the G.P.O. in London replied that the card had been overcharged "through inadvertence," and the sum of 1d. was returned in separate cover. The British Post Office recalls some of the funny automatic machines seen at the seaside. You put 2d. in the slot, and if you're lucky you get a penny back.

Are you "Queerying"?

Everybody's busy making "Queeries." There's fun and money in it, too. The "Passing Show" gives cash prizes for the finest "Queeries" of the week £10 for best, and 5s. for every "Queery" published. Free coupon and full particulars in this week's number. On sale everywhere—2d.

"Into Other Hands."

A Huddersfield reader whom we helped to a settlement in regard to his unemployment benefit on a previous occasion, and who has again fallen into the hands of his local dole-mongers, informs us that he is being robbed of his due in consequence. It appears that, on his stating he would again write to us about it, he was greeted with the veiled threat that "it would be put into other hands." It is already in other hands. The Ministry of Labour is in possession of the facts.

Why Not Fruiterers?

Thanks to the spirited action of Sir Walter de Frece, confectioners are about to be freed from the trammels of D.O.R.A. That is to say, if you want a bun after eight o'clock you will now be able to get one. But what about fruiterers, whose wares are distinctly perishable? Most of the business done by small shopkeepers in this line is done when people have finished their day's work; but thanks to the stupidity which continues to impose a war-time Act when there is no longer any need for it, fruit, which is both a food and a health-giver, is permitted to rot because it mustn't be sold after 8 p.m. Can anyone conceive anything more idiotic?

Where's that "House Full" Board?

With employment at its worst, and the house shortage a positive tragedy, never let it be said that Britain bars the door. In April, May and June, 123,568 aliens landed on these hospitable shores. Where is the sense of increasing the present heart-breaking scramble for jobs and shelter by this mob of Continental adventurers? How much longer can this country, with its high taxes and its own problems, be Relieving Officer for pauper Europe?

Rent Restrictions Act.

Isn't it about time the Government amended this Act by specifying clearly what "adequate accommodation" means? The County Court Judges seem quite at sea on the matter, and there is much discontent and dissatisfaction abroad among those who have, by offering the present tenants a substitute, tried to gain possession of houses they purchased. A plain definition—if there is any official capable of giving it—would do much to clear the air.

All Work, No Play.

If a Rosyth resident is to be credited, watchmen employed in the dredging department of the Dockyard are deplorably overworked. His statement is that the week they are on night duty they put in 96 hours, and on day duty 91 hours. These conditions give the men no leisure at all, for they apply all the year round. Why they do not themselves complain is perhaps not difficult to understand; what *is* difficult to understand is why the Admiral Superintendent of the Dockyard, Sir F. E. Green, permits such unconscionably protracted labour.

Some Job!

The Governors of Nantwich Grammar School expect something for their money. For caretaker of the New School they require an ex-Serviceman capable of acting as gymnasium instructor to 140 boys. He must attend to the heating and ventilating of the building, supervise the boys in their cloak-room before and after school, see to the shrubbery and flower beds, the tennis court and playing-field, sweep and dust the entire building daily after school (assembly hall, 9 class and 4 staff rooms, library, 2 laboratories, gymnasium, changing, science, music, art and cloak rooms, offices, etc.), ring the bell and attend to visitors "or anything that crops up." All this for £4 a week and no house. We can see applicants falling over each other for this job.

A "Pitt"-iless Decision.

An intelligent gentleman named S. A. Pitt occupies the exalted position of City Librarian of Glasgow, and deals with suggestions for additions that might improve the District Libraries. Glasgow claims to be the second city of the Empire; yet its chief Librarian is sufficiently provincial to reply to a Glasgow citizen as follows: "... Regarding purchase of copies of JOHN BULL and the *Sunday Illustrated* for the District Libraries, it has been decided to adhere to a former decision not to purchase these papers meantime." What does "meantime" mean in this case? Possibly the time that will pass until the pressure of local public opinion compels the Library authorities to come to their senses and lay upon their table two of the most loyal and influential papers that leave the press to-day. Glasgow may be great, but under Pitt it is certainly petty.

Are you reading "Love's To-morrow," by Olive Wadsley in SUNDAY ILLUSTRATED.

The Only Way.

We congratulate Lord Lambourne, Chairman of the R.S.P.C.A., on his outspoken remarks in the daily Press on the prevalence of cruelty to animals and the light sentences imposed by Magistrates on the callous brutes who torture God's dumb creatures. Paltry fines are obviously of no avail, and the only way to bring home the heinousness of such offences to those found guilty is to make them suffer in body just as their helpless victims are made to suffer. The remedy, in short, lies in the lash.

More Power Wanted.

For instance, in a case at Bridgnorth where a pair of young ruffians were charged with cruelty to a ewe by beating and kicking it to death, the sheep's flesh was said to have been more like a sponge than meat. The Chairman of the Bench, in sentencing them to six weeks' hard, regretted he had not the power to order them to be flogged. Maybe, when we are a little more civilised those who administer the law will not only be empowered, but compelled, to make the punishment fit the crime in such cases. May it be soon.

"Between the Devil ——"

An angry ex-Service reader sends us a cutting advertising for a traveller to sell "Excellent German Razors," and asks indignantly if an Englishman would accept such a situation. We might point out that there are always the "Conchies," who size low in the scale as Englishmen. Also, notwithstanding the loud resolve "No more German Goods!" we fear that if any ex-Service man refused an offer to sell German rubbish the Labour Exchange officials would straightway cut off his unemployment pay. What a country for heroes!

Those Brighton Filkers.

Not very long since we had occasion to call attention to the curious way of transacting business employed by Vaughan and Heather, who conduct a mail order ramp at Brighton. We are now informed by a lady who ordered "holeproof hose" from them as far back as May last year that her understandings are still waiting for the goods. Being such a small amount, the lady does not naturally care to prosecute—and that is a weakness these fry trade on. In our previous reference to this firm we alluded to them as "Brass-faced Brighton Bilkers." They are apparently doing their best to live up to this description.

Cruelty in Cornwall.

William James Stickland, of Treganoon Farm, Lanlivery, appears to be one of the callous type of agriculturists who disgrace the greatest of all industries. He was recently brought before the Bench on a charge of cruelty to sheep. On his farm were found a number of them suffering from advanced foot-rot. One had lost the foot on the near foreleg and was limping on the raw stump. Another had a foot missing, and a third, suffering from the same complaint, was coupled to a sound sheep, by which it was being pulled along. No attention appeared to have been given these suffering animals, and the N.S.P.C.A. inspector characterised the case as the worst he had come across. Yet the Bench merely admonished the defendant for "carelessness and neglect," and fined him the paltry sum of £5. It was, in our opinion, a case of aggravated cruelty, and should have been punished with a stiff term of imprisonment.

The Road to Ruin.

If the pupils of Doncaster Grammar School get as much value for their parents' money as the Governors of that seat of learning demand for theirs, then only early death can save these lads from attaining succees in life. For £50 a year, these Governors expect a clerk, who must provide his own office, attend meetings, keep and pay accounts, collect fees, conduct correspondence, etc., etc. In his spare time we presume he earns a living!

Persecuting Newsagents.

The extent to which small tradesmen are pestered with pettifogging prosecutions in this land of the free is almost enough to make them long for a quiet life in Russia. A Horsham newsagent was recently summoned for employing a child under the age of sixteen in street trading on Sundays. It appeared that he engaged a lad of thirteen for a couple of hours on Sundays to deliver papers to regular customers. After all the panoply of the Court had been set in array, the Bench discovered that no offence had been committed, as the by-laws allow the delivery of papers in this way by a child between twelve and fourteen, and they dismissed the case. It is a pity they cannot dismiss the over zealous officials.

Regarding your Garden.

DON'T envy your neighbour's garden—have a better one. Experts will design it for you Free if you are a reader of the "IDEAL HOME." And the illustrated articles on gardening that appear month by month in that beautiful journal will show you how to plant and maintain it. Get a copy of September Number—just out.

Of all Newsagents & Bookstalls 1/- nett.

St. Austell Again.

Recently a St. Austell man, his wife and four children, were discovered by the Relieving Officer living in a home-made hut by the roadside. It was 6 feet square and was described by the Poor Law official as a place that no one would put pigs in. The Council, it appears, had refused the man a house because of his past record as a tenant. His "past record" we gather was the terrible crime of being unable to pay his rent through lack of work. But even that does not justify a man being compelled to live in a place that a pig would turn up its nose at.

Seaside Sharks.

Seaside landladies have a bad name, but let us hope they are not all like a lady living in Dean Street, Brighton. On July 30 a reader made a journey there and engaged apartments for a fortnight for his family, commencing Aug. 15, paying a deposit. On August 10 he received a letter from the landlady saying that should the family want any meals indoors besides breakfast the charge would be four guineas a week. To this he simply replied that his family were arriving on the 15th as arranged. But on August 12 back came the deposit with an intimation that circumstances had arisen which made it impossible to take them in. There is, however, such a thing as a County Court action for damages, and this seems eminently a case for a remedy of that kind.

What You Pay For—and Get.

Towcester Magistrates recently had before them two lads aged seventeen, accused of wilful damage, and a girl witness aged fifteen—all of whom were unable to read. As Towcester—like most other places—is both school-ridden and rate-ridden, it makes us pause to wonder what the Education Authorities are doing, and what becomes of the money which the unfortunate ratepayers are called upon to provide ostensibly for educational purposes.

Something Like a Sentence.

At long last the campaign we have carried on for years for the protection of little girls from outrage by dehumanised monsters is proving successful; witness the exemplary sentence of five years' penal servitude recently pronounced on a creature named Philip Ross, of Rotherham, found guilty of a criminal assault on a girl of 13½ years. When such sentences become the rule, and not the exception, these appalling crimes will speedily diminish.

"Precarious" Insurance.

It appears that in a recent paragraph we did an injustice to Mr. John Simpson, Agency Manager of the Co-operative Insurance Society, Ltd., in stating that he had written a letter to an agent asserting that for the next few years the position of the Society would be "a very precarious one." We find upon inquiry that the letter in question was written not by the Agency Manager, who does not agree with the opinion expressed therein, but by the Manager of the Life Department, and we regret that through pure inadvertency an incorrect impression was conveyed.

Woe at Watton.

According to a "Military Medallist"—a married man who "lost his home six years ago to go on active service"—there are six empty houses in Watton, and he has been unable to obtain the tenancy of any one of them. The local Council have built new houses, but one has been let to a civilian and two others to men who "have not been married more months than I have been without a home for years." Presumably, the privately-owned empty houses are only for sale, but this stunt is pretty well played out; and empty premises are not as profitable as good tenants. Though in the letting of municipal houses grievances are inevitable through competition, it is certainly not the game that Watton should let to civilians while Military Medallists lack a home.

America's Authority at English Ports.

It will come as a surprise to many that at certain English ports, notably Liverpool, officials of the United States Health Service are permitted to exercise over emigrants to America authority of a character more drastic than the English Port Sanitary Authorities have ever attempted to enforce. For example, they are allowed to insist, on British soil, that second- and third-class passengers to the States shall be vaccinated unless the operation has been performed within the last 12 months. That such power should be granted to the officials of a foreign nation, to be exercised on British territory, will stir the indignation of every patriotic Englishman. Surely we are pestered with enough inspectors of our own nationality without needing their numbers to be swelled by alien inquisitors

SINISTER POLICE ACTIVITY.

A BRUTAL OFFENCE—OUTRAGEOUS PROCEEDINGS—THE PUBLIC FIRST.

IN general, we have every respect for the "man in blue," and it i always with reluctance that we call attention to cases which seem to detract from the high reputation of the police. It would be a calamity, however, if the Police Force were placed above criticism, and we are unable to subscribe to the view that such lapses as occur from time to time should be hidden from public scrutiny. On the contrary, we strongly hold that the exposure of occasional abuses is a task which, in the interest of the police themselves no less than of the public generally, ought not to be shirked. Quite recently there have been a number of cases in which police officers have been guilty of conduct calling for the sternest condemnation from those who respect the safeguards of liberty—the price of which, as Lord Morley reminded us, is "eternal vigilance." Happily the cause of freedom has more than one stout champion upon the Judicial Bench and widespread interest has attached to the recent comments of Mr. H. C. A. Bingley, the Tower Bridge Magistrate, in a case where a woman prisoner complained of ill-treatment at the hands of the police. Apparently Mr. Bingley considered the charge proved, and his reprimand of the officers concerned lacked nothing in severity. Occasionally, however, the Justices take a more lenient view of offences that ought always to be visited with penalties of the sternest kind.

A Brutal Offence.

At Birmingham, the other day, a policeman stood in the dock on a charge of assaulting a blind man. It was an aggravated case. The poor fellow who had been made the butt of the policeman's anger was a war hero named Claud Gratridge, who had lost his sight in the hell of the Western Front. So terrible had his injuries been that flesh from other parts of his body had been grafted on to his face, and the tortured nerves and tissues were sensitive to the slightest touch. From the evidence it appeared that, for no offence whatever, and simply on account of a trifling passage of words, the policeman, George Maddams by name, had struck the blind and injured man a violent blow on the cheek, with severe resulting shock to his already shattered nervous system. It was an outrageous offence, calling for exemplary punishment, but some Magistrates are curiously loath to visit upon a police-officer the just penalty of misconduct which, in an ordinary citizen, would be held inexcusable. The Birmingham Stipendiary appears not to have thought it necessary to make of Maddams an example which would deter others from copying his brutal methods. Perhaps he did not recognise that the deservedly high reputation of the Birmingham Police Force had been tarnished. The ruffian escaped with a fine of £5.

Outrageous Proceedings.

However, it is to be hoped that suitable disciplinary action will yet be taken against an officer who so far forgot his duty as savagely to assault a man blinded in the defence of British liberty. We gladly pass to another case which, while less serious in some respects, serves equally to emphasise the need for vigilance in these matters. At Liverpool the other day 240 defendants were crowded into the police-court at a single hearing. They were not murderers, thieves or vagabonds, but respectable citizens who had been guilty of the heinous offence of attending a public whist-drive. It appears that the bulk of these persons had actually been arrested by the police on the premises where the whist-drive was held, as many as two hundred of them having been packed into prison vans and driven off to the police-station. For the most part they were afterwards released on bail, but not until they had suffered considerable hardship from their novel and alarming experience. The vans were shockingly overcrowded and unbearably hot, so that several women fainted and had to be taken to their homes on an ambulance. One of them states: "We were crowded like cattle in a prison van and dealt with like common criminals. Some of us did not get away until two, three, or even seven o'clock in the morning." Ordered to present themselves at the Liverpool Police-court at ten o'clock in the forenoon of the next day, these two hundred persons, against whom no recongisable offence was alleged beyond the technical infringement of our absurd and antiquated gaming laws, were again locked up until the afternoon, when they appeared before the Stipendiary Magistrate. It then appeared that the police, to whose incredible stupidity the whole affair was due, were not even ready to proceed with the charges, and they actually had the impudence to ask for a remand to enable them to complete their case! Fortunately the Magistrate declined to be a party to this monstrous procedure, and at his instigation the whole batch of summonses were withdrawn. If the Chief Constable of Liverpool retains a proper sense of his public duty, he will deal with the situation in no uncertain way. It should not be difficult to discover the author of this mad escapade—which constitutes as serious an abuse of police authority as we have encountered for some time.

The Public First.

We have selected these two cases because they illustrate in varying fashion the sort of temptations which assail the police, and which, for the most part, as we are bound to add, are honourably resisted. There is first of all the disposition to bullying—and where, as in the case of the blind war-hero at Moseley, the restraints of decency have been set at defiance there ought in every instanee to be a stern example made. Secondly, there is the danger that, in the technical zeal of their calling, the police may set at naught the civil rights of the ordinary population. In this case, also, they should be reminded that they are the servants, not the masters, of the public. Then all will be well.

DIAMONDS NO LONGER TRUMPS.

SAD PLIGHT OF DISABLED EX-SERVICE MEN.

The late Sir Bernard Oppenheimer, during his lifetime, instituted at Cambridge a system of training disabled ex-Service men in diamond-cutting and polishing. The period of training was to be for two years, six months on allowance and the remainder paid for by the firm at the rate of two pounds per week. Latterly, owing to bad trade, the business has not been paying, and the works are now closed down. The two years spent in training are therefore wasted, and many of the men have had to fall back upon unemployment pay. As one of the sufferers puts it in a letter to us: "As I have only learned a trade that is useless, I am now compelled to appear at the local Labour Exchange and bow and scrape for a paltry 15s. a week to keep a home for my wife and myself." Some contend that it is up to the Minist y of Labour to redeem the pledge given by Sir Bernard to these men, and that the Government itself should re-start the factory. But there are others—ourselves among the number—who consider that such a step would be the height of folly. The average State Dep. tment is not fit to run a cats'-meat barrow, least of all a diamond factory. Is there no public-spirited man with money who will come forward and continue the role of benefactor to these disabled heroes and to the country at lar e, by putting this industry on a proper footing? Private enterprise might well turn the proposition into a paying one.

A MYSTERIOUS AFFAIR.

STRANGE FEATURES OF AN ALLEGED SUICIDE.

Although the coroner's jury returned a verdict of suicide during temporary insanity in the case of Frederick Harry Barrell, an electrical engineer employed by the Bury St. Edmunds Corporation, who was found strangled in Ickworth Park, there are, in our opinion, so many extraordinary circumstances surrounding the tragedy that it seems to demand further investigation. The allegations that the dead man's bicycle, which it is suggested he used to enable him to reach the branch from which he hanged himself, was found leaning against the *opposite* side of the tree from which he had swung, and that he had a bag pulled over his head, with strings knotted at the back of his neck, are alone sufficient to excite suspicion. We cannot discover any convincing evidence that young Barrell—for he was only 31—had a suicidal tendency. He is believed to have been strong and healthy and to have possessed no taint of insanity. In most cases of suicide a definite motive can be traced. What it could have been in this case it is at present impossible to say. Barrell was married; he had an aged mother for whom he is said to have had strong affection; he was in a comfortable situation under the local authorities, and was possessed of property estimated to be worth about £1,000. Suicide seems incompatible with these facts, and others hold this opinion. Those who know him intimately believe him to be the last to take so desperate a step.

ONLY A CLERK!

HOW AN EX-SOLDIER APPLICANT FARED.

They do some wonderful work in the buildings which disfigure the dry bed of the lake in St. James's Park—work as weird as it is wonderful. Here is a sample of it: When William Henry Weaver, formerly Acting-Sergeant in the Queen's Royal West Surrey Regiment, was informed by a friend that clerks were required in France by the Imperial War Graves Commission, which is housed at No. 1, Lake Buildings, in the park named, he put in for one of the jobs, enclosing copies of testimonials which left nothing to be desired. He followed this up with a personal call on the Secretary to the Commission, and, after filling up a form, saw an official who gave him full particulars of the vacancies, which were stated to carry £2 5s. a week, with full board and lodging. After waiting a reasonable time, he wrote inquiring when he would be wanted. He received no reply until he sent a registered letter. Then came the answer—on a printed card signed on behalf of the Principal Assistant Secretary of the Commission—to the effect that there were no vacancies for employment of the kind referred to on application dated 5th August, 1921. As a matter of fact, Weaver had applied originally in July. The whole episode looks like a stupid blunder on somebody's part, for which Weaver has been made to suffer. He, the victim, is still looking for a job. He is only a clerk! Why worry about him?

News, Sports, Politics, Finance, Science, Fashions, etc., all appear in SUNDAY ILLUSTRATED.

WHAT THE FIREMAN HEARD.

WALTHAMSTOW COUNCIL'S DEBT OF JUSTICE.

Accidents will happen in the best-regulated public institutions, and it was no doubt highly regrettable that when a serious outbreak of fire occurred recently at Church Road, Leyton, the Walthamstow Fire Brigade should have rushed off pell-mell to Church Road, Walthamstow, where there was not so much as a smoking chimney to require their services. Whose fault was it? Evidently the Fire Brigade Committee fastened the blame upon a fireman named John Osborne, who happened to take the telephone message giving warning of the conflagration. In spite of nearly three years' exemplary service, Osborne has been dismissed without a penny of compensation or even sufficient notice to enable him to look round for another job. For a married man with a young family to think of the outlook is appalling, and even if Osborne had been guilty of serious misconduct it would be difficult to withhold sympathy from him in his desperate plight. As a matter of fact, however, the poor fellow seems to have been entirely innocent of blame.

The author of the blunder which has been visited upon the fireman was the person who gave the telephone alarm. For greater certainty we have persuaded this individual, a Mrs. Nisbett, of 10, Nursery Cottages, Church Road, Leyton, E., to give us a statement in writing, the original of which is at the disposal of the Walthamstow Fire Brigade Committee. It is in the following terms:

> I, Mrs. Nisbett, gave the call on the National Telephone, 762 Walthamstow, by mistake. I gave the address of Church Road, Walthamstow, when I should have said Church Road, Leyton.
> R. NISBETT.

Nothing could be clearer. The above statement makes it quite beyond question that Osborne has suffered for the mistake of another. Could injustice farther go?

As we say, Osborne's record in the Walthamstow Fire Brigade has been an exemplary one. If any doubt upon this point had existed it would have been cleared up by a testimonial which the fireman received on the 17th of May last from Mr. H. Camp, the Superintendent.

On receiving warning of dismissal, Osborne took steps to have this testimonial brought to the notice of the Fire Brigade Committee. All the satisfaction the poor fellow could get was that the Committee had made up their minds, and were unlikely to alter their decision. The matter, however, is of far more than individual importance. If a public servant is to be dismissed upon a false pretext and his dismissal confirmed, although the falsity of the charge is proved, there will be no further security of tenure for those who serve the ratepayers, and no sort of hindrance to the worst forms of official tyranny. In the case of John Osborne insult was added to injury.

On the strength of the document quoted and the facts we have ascertained, we are entitled to call upon the Walthamstow Fire Brigade Committee for an explanation of their action in dismissing Fireman Osborne so harshly from an employment in which by general consent he had acquitted himself creditably for years.

It is plain that "someone has blundered." At the beginning Superintendent Camp may have been honestly persuaded that Osborne had made a serious mistake which unfitted him for the discharge of his responsible duties at the Fire Station. It is now clear that the error was not his but Mrs. Nisbett's, and that the same unfortunate hitch might easily have occurred if the Superintendent himself had answered the telephone. If he is the man we take him to be, he will lose no time in persuading the Fire Brigade Committee to reverse a decision which, as it stands, is highly discreditable to all concerned.

A DUBIOUS JOB.

BONNYRIGG FIRM'S QUEER ADVERTISEMENT.

Advertisements of £6 a week jobs are so rare these days that when they appear in all the allure of newspaper print it is natural to expect a crowd after them. In the case of the advertisement issued through a Scottish paper by the Empire Manufacturing Co., of Bonnyrigg, Midlothian, an out-of-work Ardrossan man was one of the crowd. "Smart young man wanted at once," it said; "energetic and ambitious only qualification. Salary £6 a week." "Dear Sir," writes T. W. Readshaw, Manager, to him on 27th June last: "Referring your reply *re* above advertisement, we have as yet made no decision." Then Readshaw goes on to explain that his concern runs an ingenious domestic cooker of superlative excellence, price 6s. each; that £6 a week and commission is offered to the successful candidate who can guarantee "a small sales output of sixty per week"; that if said applicant is alive enough to come in out of the rain he ought to sell sixty in one day; that before arriving at any decision *re* job applicant should obtain a sample of the cooker for himself for 6s., to see how he likes it as a going concern; and that if he thinks it will go, he should let the firm know before the 29th August. Apparently assuming he was on a good thing, and being of the unsuspicious nature more or less characteristic of Scots everywhere, the applicant sent Readshaw the money on 28th June. "Under separate cover," writes the Manager in reply on 9th July, "we are to-day forwarding you a sample of our patent cooker. If you think you can handle this article successfully let us know when we will send on Agreement of Service." But up to the time of communicating with us, the applicant had not received any cooker for his money, nor any "Agreement of Service" concerning the same, though he had previously written twice to Readshaw on the matter—so that on all the facts it looks as if the Empire Manufacturing Company, of Bonnyrigg, Midlothian, are under solemn obligation to explain their business peculiarities and idiosyncrasies to the applicant with as little delay as possible.

SHARING SUCCESS.

HAPPY RESULT OF MUTUAL ENDEAVOUR.

We have received an interesting letter from Mr. Chas. Shaw, of Upper Quarry Road, Bradley, near Huddersfield, the winner of the First Prize of £500 in our "Bullets" Competition No. 420, in which he informs us that the successful effort was evolved by the aid of a friend with whom he has for several months combined efforts, and who will, therefore, share the prize. For a considerable time they have jointly fired "Bullets" at us, with the hope of one day hitting the bull's-eye, and now success has crowned their perseverance. Five hundred pounds is a handsome sum to win, even when shared between two, and we hope the happy recipients will derive benefit from it. Their success should bring encouragement to all competitors who, like them, have pegged away doggedly for a long time, but who, unlike them, have not yet reaped a substantial reward for their efforts. Our Competition Department stands to be shot at, and welcomes the well-directed aim. The example of Mr. Shaw and his friend in combining their efforts might well be followed by other competitors. It is difficult to imagine a more absorbing recreation for the evenings which are now drawing in than mutual endeavour on the part of two or more friends to evolve batches of "Bullets" pithy, witty, or apposite, in the hope of winning one or more of our premier prizes.

POND'S

takes the sting out.

Next time you are stung by wasp, mosquito or other summer insect—drop a little Pond's Extract on the affected spot. Almost immediately the pain or irritation will begin to die away — soon it will disappear altogether—the poison neutralised, the wound completely healed. Only remember—you **must** have a bottle of Pond's ready for instant use—get it now—to-day. Pond's is a sure, safe antiseptic remedy (known for 75 years) for the minor ills of life—Burns, Scalds, Cuts, Sore Feet, Stiffness, Piles, Eczema, Varicose Veins—and a hundred and one other complaints. Get that bottle NOW.

Of all Chemists, **2/6**, *or for P.O. direct to the Manufacturers.*

POND'S ANTISEPTIC OINTMENT.
The sovereign remedy for Piles, Bunions, Corns, Rough Skin, &c. In Jars, 1/9 and 3/-.

POND'S ANTISEPTIC CREAM.
Invaluable for all Skin Affections, and for Nasal Catarrh, Neuralgia, &c. In Jars, 1/9 and 3/-.

POND'S EXTRACT CO.
(Dept. 117), 71, Southampton Row, London, W.C. 1.

Pond's Extract
The Old Family Doctor.

THE "GENERAL" FAVOURITE.

ADORED by a grateful nation—triumphant over all by virtue of superior qualities—SHARP'S SUPER-KREEM TOFFEE—the "leading" sweetmeat—is capturing thousands of devoted admirers daily on every sea-front, and in every other place where joy and happiness is sought. Pure and wholesome, with a flavour that wins favour—every time.

8d. Per ½ lb.

Sold loose by weight or in 4-lb. decorated tins—also in 1/-, 1/6 and 2/9 tins.

If unobtainable in your district kindly send postcard giving name of your confectioner.

E. SHARP & SONS, LTD., MAIDSTONE.
The largest Manufacturers of Toffee in the World.

"It Speaks for Itself."

SHARP'S SUPER-KREEM TOFFEE

"JOHN BULL" AS GOOD SAMARITAN.

HELP US TO SCATTER SUNSHINE IN THE DARK PLACES THAT ABOUND.

By W. CHARLES PILLEY, *Assistant Editor.*

THE story I have to tell this week is one which, if I had the skill to narrate it worthily, would rank with the most poignant human dramas recorded in these pages. It is a tale of agony and bitterness, of patient suffering and heroic endurance, interspersed with chapters that tell of splendid generosity and of timely relief which, in numberless instances, has averted the worst human tragedies. It is the tale of the "Greatest of These——" Fund—an institution which, from the foundation of JOHN BULL, has been inseparable from the activities of this journal. I confess that a few months ago, when I took up the duties of my present position, it came as a shock to me to learn that the condition of this valuable Fund was a source of anxiety to those responsible for its management: that frequently there was a shortage of subscriptions, and that through sheer lack of money the Honorary Secretary often had to say "No" to applications for assistance when all his heart said "Yes" to the appeals. I thought this must surely be a passing phase. Yet as weeks and months went by and the looked-for recovery did not appear, I felt there must be something lacking in the scope of our appeal. Surely, if only our readers knew, they would open their hearts and untie their purse-strings! I wonder if I can paint the picture which the urgency of the theme demands?

LIFE AND DEATH.

The bare catalogue of the things we have been able to do through the agency of the "Greatest of These——" Fund, maintained by the generosity of countless subscribers, is not enough. I wish I could convey to the mind of the reader some sense of the infinite pathos which arises from daily contact with those who have been broken on the wheel of life, and who, in their sad extremity, turn to JOHN BULL fo relief. Times out of number the Fund has made all the difference between salvation and disaster. Its assistance is of the "First Aid" variety, designed to keep life intact till more permanent relief can be found. It feeds children when they are starving, clothes them when naked, procures the means of healing that may hold death at bay. Whenever through lack of means we have to say "No" a life is endangered. Yet there is no help for it until the coffers of the Fund are refilled. Only cases of the most desperate urgency are relieved. It is not mere poverty but sheer hunger that enlists our aid.

DESERVING CLAIMANTS.

There is an infinite variety in the appeals that reach us. Sometimes it is an aged mother who gave her sons to the war, and lacking their stout support, has fallen upon evil days. With the courage that befits a mother of heroes, she makes shift to work for a living, but sometimes the ebbing strength fails and the shadow of the workhouse draws very near. We have helped many such cases within the past two or three years, and never without thinking of that great debt of gratitude to the valiant dead which, in spite of such efforts, must ever stand unpaid. Then there are the many instances of men broken in the war who, through the niggardly attitude of the Ministry of Pensions, have been unable to obtain compensation for physical disabilities which will remain with them till the day of their death. Many of them have little familie to keep, and as periods of domestic crisis come along they remember the "Greatest of These——" Fund, and come to us with their troubles. Frequently the gift of a pound or two means all the difference between hope and despair. Bitterest by far of all is the cry of the children, and I confess that at times I stand appalled before the misery that warps the promise of childhood and breaks the hearts of women in whose breasts motherhood is an unending pain. For the little ones, and even for older applicants, we need not only money—which is of prime importance—but also cast-off boots and clothing so long as they are serviceable and in reasonably good repair. In fact, there are few gifts that would be declined by the Secretary, whose office frequently resembles the site of a rummage sale. But the urgent need is for cash, which will enable us to be a little more generous and to send applicants away with smiles instead of tears. There are no management expenses to eat up your subscriptions. The whole cost of administration which, since the inception of the Fund, has run into thousands of pounds, is borne by the Proprietors of JOHN BULL, as their contribution towards the needs of suffering humanity. If every reader would do his or her bit we should have no more anxiety for the future of the Fund. All cheques should be made payable to the Fund. and donations addressed to the Hon. Secretary at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

THE CLAMOROUS NEED.

It is a sad task to sit in an office like this and know that a stream of unrelieved misery is passing the door. It need not be, if only my readers will make an effort to realise the work we are trying to carry on and lend us a hand, when we ask specially for help. We are anxious, if possible, to build up a reserve for the winter, so that when the dark days come we may be able to lighten the load for those who stumble beneath the crushing burden of adversity. The smallest subscription will be gratefully acknowledged—and I think, with heartfelt emotion, of the numberless "widows' mites"—which, taken together, have made up a considerable proportion of the income of the Fund. We would especially welcome regular contributions, however small. Send us a gift. The blood in your veins will run warmer for the sacrifice. It will be no small thing to remember that through your active generosity we have been able to scatter a little sunshine. The work of the "Greatest of These——" Fund lies very near my heart, and I do most earnestly beg for that renewed measure of support that will enable us to "carry on."

ÆSTHETICS AND "ADS."

MYSTERIOUS MUDDLEDOM AT MARGATE.

Advertisements on motor 'buses may not be all that is desirable from an æsthetic point of view, but they are undoubtedly a modern necessity, and when the Municipal Authorities of a popular health resort like Margate seek to put an embargo on them they are acting not only against the best interests of their borough but of the public who keep it going. The West Margate Motor 'Bus Company is an enterprising concern that has done much to benefit the famous seaside resort. It runs a service of vehicles from the Dane to Garlinge, but for some reason or other the Council have threatened them with the cancellation of their licence unless the advertisements on the outside of their 'buses are removed. The workings of the Municipal mind are vowedly peculiar, but how peculiar in this instance may be gathered from the fact that another 'bus service running on the same route is permitted the privilege, so that the West Margate Company has apparently been singled out for differential treatment. Fair is fair, and all should be treated alike. We cannot believe that the Council are resolved upon a policy which is distinctly prejudicial to local interests, and we hope to hear that the ban has been removed. Business is business, and advertisements are the soul of business all the world over.

FANTASTIC FRIVOL.

MINISTER'S WIFE'S ODD VIEWS ON EDUCATION.

If the views which Mrs. Fisher, wife of the Hon. H. A. L. Fisher, Minister of Education, has been airing at West Ham are intended to be taken seriously, we do not think they are likely to attract many fish to her net. According to this good lady, people who imagine that education should fit boys and girls for a particular vocation in life ought to be dead. Apparently she would cram the child with the mysteries of Greek mythology and nip in the bud his penchant for what is purely practical. A nice outlook for a nation that has to hold its own and rise superior to its rivals in technical skill in order to maintain its place in the sun! But the most extraordinary part of Mrs. Fisher's address was that in which she contended that to be ill is a disgrace, and that people who are so suffering ought to be ashamed of themselves. Admitting that a great deal of illness is preventable and should be prevented, this thoughtless dictum is capable of being interpreted as a cruel reflection on thousands of poor creatures who have been born into this world suffering from ailments for which they are in no wise responsible. Ideals in education are well enough in their way, but in our opinion one single agency that makes for the alleviation of human suffering is worth more than all the educational shibboleths of our Fishers put together.

ECONOMY WITH EXCEPTIONS.

GROSSLY UNFAIR TREATMENT OF CASUAL CLERKS.

We have received a number of complaints regarding the organisations of the staffs of Labour Exchanges in different parts of the country. In November last a large number of ex-soldiers who had been compelled to accept the unemployment dole were taken on as casual clerks, to deal with the work occasioned by the Unemployment Act. Many had in pre-war days been in business for themselves. After the settlement of the coal strike, however, there came a great outcry for the reduction of staffs in Government Departments. The gist of the complaint is that, so far as the Labour Exchanges are concerned, these reductions have been carried out in a manner which is neither economical nor just to the ex-fighter. Young single men with less than six months' service and no special ability were kept on and given permanent clerkships, while married men with longer service who had displayed qualities of organisation invaluable to the efficiency of the Department were turned adrift at a few days' notice. Casual clerks received only £3 11s. per week—little enough in all conscience, but preferable to the dole to any man who is conscious of possessing reasonable wage-earning capacity; and it is very galling to them to find themselves replaced at higher rates of pay by youngsters of little or no experience.

SUNDAY ILLUSTRATED—the Super Sunday Picture Paper.

THE FATE OF A FOUR-YEAR-OLD.

SHOCKING ATTACK ON A TENDER CHILD.

The little daughter of a Ratcliffe workman lately went through a fearful ordeal, the moral and physical consequences whereof cannot yet be estimated. Only 4 years and 3 months old, she attended school with her two little brothers. On a certain evening in June she accompanied a little girl friend, aged 6, to an ice-cream shop in the neighbourhood to buy an ice "cornet." On returning to the street they were accosted by a young man who, it is alleged, after lifting and kissing the older child, found an opportunity most foully and brutally to assault the younger. The tortured and terrified infant succeeded in reaching home, crying bitterly, where her injuries were discovered to be so severe that she was conveyed to the East London Hospital for Children, where it was found necessary to detain her for a fortnight. The alarming feature of the case is the fact that, so far, the monstrous assailant of this tender infant has not yet been definitely identified by the police. The feelings of her mother, and of other mothers in the locality, when they realise that so foul a brute is at large and unpunished, may be imagined. That so atrocious a crime could be committed with impunity in broad daylight, in a great city, and in Christian England is appalling, and shows how inadequate are the measures that exist for the protection of the young and helpless against bestial lust. We largely blame for the prevalence of this horrible crime against innocent childhood the reprehensible leniency of so many of our Magistrates when such cases come before them. Only the "cat" and penal servitude will check, if not eradicate, it.

WAKEFORD ON TOUR.

WONDERFUL ENTHUSIASM AT EVERY MEETING.

In regard to the Wakeford case, we are glad to announce that certain information has come to light which may do much to solve the extraordinary mystery surrounding the fate of this distinguished clergyman. Although, as we announced last week, the dates of the original tour have had to be slightly altered owing to the extreme pressure of engagements, arrangements have been completed for ex-Archdeacon Wakeford to speak at the following places :—

Colchester	Sept.	1st, at 3 o'clock.
Ipswich ;	,,	1st, 2nd, and 3rd.
Southend-on-Sea ..	,,	4th.
Herne Bay ..	,,	5th, at 3 & 4 o'clock.
Canterbury ..	,,	6th.
Margate	,,	7th.
Deal..	,,	8th.
Folkestone	,,	9th.
Redhill	,,	10th.

Mr. W. Charles Pilley (Assistant Editor of JOHN BULL), who has made an exhaustive study of this baffling case, will take the chair at both meetings at the Kursaal, Southend, on Sunday, September 4th. The film, "The Mystery of the Wakeford Case," presented by Messrs. Gaumont, Ltd., will be shown at the following cinemas on the dates specified :—

SEPTEMBER 1st, 2nd, and 3rd.—Ipswich, Lowestoft, Chiswick, Caerphilly, Hither Green, Chester-le-Street, Castleton, Birmingham, Milnesbridge, Holmfirth, Colchester, Glossop, Upton Park.

SEPTEMBER 5th, 6th, and 7th.—Rotherham, Swindon, Grimsby, Norwich, Liverpool, Birkenhead, Southport, Runcorn, Bath, Aston, (Birmingham) Jarrow, Aberavon, Heckmondwike, Woodbridge, Beccles, Edinburgh, Villa Cross, (Birmingham), Barnsley, Dukinfield, Leytonstone.

There are still a limited number of vacant dates on which the ex-Archdeacon is prepared to lecture, in association with the Wakeford film, if desired. All communications should be addressed to the Chief Commissioner, JOHN BULL, 93, Long Acre. W.C.2.

WESTAWAY BEST AWAY.

PUZZLING PROBLEMATICAL PATENT PROPOSITION.

In a somewhat baseless fabric of a vision, Mr. J. C. Westaway, of 3, Wellington Street, Strand, is trying to induce simple citizens to invest their money; that is to say, to take cash out of their own pockets in order to put it into his. "In return for investments of £250 and upward," says Westaway in a typewritten circular, "I am able to offer well-paid posts in the various branches—especially to engineers, managers, mechanical and business men—which this large enterprise would render necessary, and would even desire that all mechanics employed should become shareholders to some extent. The salaries would be from £300 to £800 per annum, plus 10 per cent. on the investment and the *pro rata* dividend on the bonus shares." By his own story, Westaway's inventions cover a large range. "Some 40 specifications are already filed, or about to be filed, at the Patent Office. Among the goods handled, I may especially mention new aircraft, dairy utensils, new inventions for building houses cheaply; tents, poultry appliances, hardware, kitchen utensils, etc., etc." During the South Sea Bubble the Lords Justices in Council were called upon to consider a petition of an enterprising gentleman "to carry on an undertaking of great advantage, but nobody to know what it is." To do him justice, Westaway is less reticent. He seeks to carry on an undertaking of great advantage, but he does not make it clear what it isn't. In connection with it a few gentlemen have apparently already secured jobs or concessions; how much (if anything) they have paid for them we do not know, and how much they hope to make out of them is not revealed. It is plain that Westaway is out with the collection plate in public rather early, and that even if investors who seek lucrative jobs find them, the chance of their remaining in the same long enough to get their money back is excessively remote. Westaway should go away, and if he goes away he will be well away.

STRANDED CRIPPLES.

ABOMINABLE DUMPING OF EX-SOLDIERS.

Someone special in the fool line must have handled the transfer of about thirty disabled men, under the auspices of the Ministry of Labour, to Loughborough from Northampton, after a course of commercial training at the latter place. On arrival in Loughborough, they found that the Technical College to which they were posted disclaimed any knowledge of, or responsibility for, their accommodation, and the Ministry of Labour seems to have packed these men off like a bundle of circulars, heedless of what became of them. All disabled, and for the most part nearly penniless, these limbless and disabled lads tramped the town for lodgings, being over six hours on the go. Completely knocked up, they were compelled to get under shelter where they could. A couple were dubiously accepted at a large hotel and charged 5s. apiece for the night. Others were reduced to a shakedown on the landings of a common lodging-house—from which they were glad to escape shortly after daylight. One unfortunate man, with only one leg, was so exhausted that he barely managed to get to the College next morning. Without money or lodgings, it was obviously impossible for him to continue training, and he asked for a warrant home, which was refused. By various means he got as far as Northampton, and borrowed a little from his late landlady. Now, under the regulations of the Ministry of Labour, he is not permitted to resume! Surely, if ever a training were needed, the brainless perpetrators of this hash should be first on the list.

SOMETHING FOR NOTHING

For some time past, Messrs. S. A. BARRY & CO. have appealed to the readers of "JOHN BULL" with an offer of a sane and intelligent character. They have never pretended to give away "something for nothing," or next to nothing, to force trade. They have, indeed, more respect for the intelligence of "JOHN BULL" readers to do anything so obviously impossible.

The Barry Service has aimed at giving the very finest possible value, at the very lowest possible prices consistent with reliable tailoring. How far it has succeeded is attested by the fact that we hold more than five thousand written expressions of satisfaction, all sent to us within six months. These files have been examined by a representative of "JOHN BULL."

A £6 6s. ALL-WOOL BLUE SERGE SUIT to measure

(London Shrunk and Indigo Dyed)

for £3 10s.

Here is the report of the Conditioning House, BRADFORD, upon the material from which this remarkable £3 10s. ALL-WOOL blue serge suit is tailored :—

"I have analysed this pattern of Cloth, and find it composed entirely of Wool." . . . (Signed) E. H. TOWNEND, for the City of Bradford Corporation.

AN UNPARALLELED GUARANTEE :

If for any reason whatsoever you do not consider this blue serge suit, or, indeed, any suit, Overcoat, or Sports Coat purchased from us to measure, the finest value ever offered you, you have only to return the garment or garments, and we will refund not only the amount paid for same, but 2s. 6d. over and above the actual price paid for the goods. That is the Barry guarantee. Dare we make such an offer, we ask, if we could not live up to what we claim ?

SEND FOR OUR FREE PATTERNS,

which will be forwarded, free, gratis and for nothing. These patterns comprise the best in Tweeds, Worsteds, and Vicunas, and embrace some excellent patterns of Pure Scottish Woollens bearing the SCOTTISH WOOLLEN ASSOCIATION'S Guarantee as to their purity. These are likewise worth £6 6s. the suit. Our price is **£3 10s.** to measure. Our lowest price suit to measure is **£2 10s.**—built from Yorkshire Tweeds—honestly worth £4 4s. per suit.

OUR SELF-MEASURE CHART

is unfailing. Wherever you are, we can fit you perfectly. Otherwise it would be idle to make the unique guarantee we do make. A postcard will bring the patterns by return to your door. You measure yourself in the privacy of your home (it is perfectly simple), then choose your pattern, and we take all the risk.

THAT IS THE BARRY SERVICE.

THOSE IN LONDON ARE INVITED TO VISIT US. CALL OR WRITE

S. A. BARRY & CO.,

EXCLUSIVE MEASURE TAILORS,

16, CITY ROAD, LONDON, E.C.1

(Near Moorgate Tube and Tram Terminus.)

SHARKS OF THE SCREEN.

STERN WARNING TO YOUNG PEOPLE CAUGHT BY THE CINEMA LURE.

PROBABLY few people who attend "the movies" with more or less regularity are aware of the amount of heartless fraud associated with the cinematograph industry. Yet the lure of the cinema is every whit as dangerous as the glamour of the stage, and in countless instances the guileless amateur has come to grief through the want of timely warning. Occasionally the matter is ventilated in the Courts, and in passing we would take leave to congratulate the Marlborough Street Magistrate, who recently made a sharp example of a rascal who had been carrying on a bonus employment agency under the specious guise of an "Academy of Acting." Unfortunately, however, some of the worst cases have so far eluded the observation of the police. It is difficult to persuade people who have been fooled and robbed to come forward and give evidence the effect of which may be to expose them in an unfavourable light as the victims of a childish obsession. For the present, we confine the attention of our readers to a firm trading as the Elite Film Company, of 43, Berners Street, W., which, from all we can observe, has qualified for dishonourable mention of the most emphatic kind.

Spreading the Snare.

The principal agent of the Elite Film Company is an individual who describes himself as Gus Elen, Junr., claiming to be a nephew or at least a near relation of the famous comedian of that name. During the past few months, the newspapers have been plentifully besprinkled with such advertisements as:—

> Do You Wish To Act For The Films? An opportunity is offered by a well-known established film-producing company to a few ladies and gentlemen willing to invest from £25 to £100 and play parts in a number of films about to be produced. A perfectly safe and sound investment with good salary. Write for interview, when full particulars will be given.

Here follow a box-number and the name of a well-known Agency. In some few instances the attractions of the scheme have been still more lavishly displayed, as in the following florid and beguiling announcement:—

> A Unique Opportunity to enter the film-producing industry.
>
> A well-known British film-producing company which is about to produce a number of romantic seaside comedies is open to accept a limited number of ladies and gentlemen to invest, and, if found suitable, to play parts according to ability. Those accepted will be paid at usual rates with free railway and hotel accommodation. A perfectly safe and sound investment, showing a quick return. Minimum investment £50. Write immediately for interview.

Obviously these announcements are designed to trap the unwary.

An Unblushing Ramp.

We have been in touch with a number of guileless persons who responded to the alluring invitation of Mr. Gus Elen, Junr. The experience of one of these gentlemen, a Mr. Albert C. Monk, is typical. At a first interview, Mr. Monk was exposed to a good deal of flattery in respect of his good looks and other shining qualifications for cinema work, and it was finally arranged that he should have a "try out" at a studio in South-West London. Already the itching fingers of the promoters were after the shekels. They demanded from the innocent Mr. Monk an "indemnity" of three guineas, in case his handsome appearance should prove too much for the camera or the Company be otherwise involved in loss or damage. Suspecting nothing, Mr. Monk paid the money and proceeded to Clapham, where the most that can be said is that he had his photograph taken. Meanwhile Mr. Gus Elen, Junr., was pressing him hard to "invest" £50 it being suggested that until this transaction was complete the work of making his fortune could not properly begin. In due course the money was paid and a contract signed, in virtue of which Monk was to receive a salary of £1 11s. 6d. a day, and one-eleventh of any profits that might accrue from the ultimate circulation of the film. Armed with this priceless agreement, Monk proceeded to Bournemouth—where, as he had been informed, the principal scenes were to be taken. There he fell in with several other individuals who had succumbed to the wiles of Mr. Gus Elen, Junr., including a man named Mobsby, who had "invested" £100 in the Company. True, certain outdoor scenes were taken, but there was no evidence of any coherent plan, and before the work had gone far the whole party was ordered back to London. It was then that Monk and his associates found the gravest reason to mistrust the Elite Film Company. In the first place, Mr. Elen discovered excuses for postponing the payment of the rest of the wages due for the Bournemouth trip. Then an unfortunate tide of indisposition swept the promoters off their feet. Incidentally, an attempt was made to squeeze further sums of £25 out of the "investors," in respect of the filming of a second production, and it was at this stage that a man named Kempton parted with £50, while Mobsby and Monk were induced to increase their "share" by £25 and £5 respectively. After many fruitless visits to the Berners Street office, the whole party was shunted off to Brighton. Ostensibly the object of this second seaside trip was to produce a film version of "The Belles of St. Mary's"; but again little progress was made—and before long the whole cast, still without salary, was sent back to town. At Brighton, Mr. Elen, with all the male members of the cast, stayed at the Hotel Victoria, and it is not without interest to note that he left this sumptuous hostelry without paying the bill.

Among the Missing.

On the journey back to London Mr. Elen, we understand, was in a contrite mood. It pained him deeply to be without the necessary funds to pay the salaries due, and if only time were allowed him he would see everyone righted. Of course nothing has happened. From recent letters it appears that Mr. Elen is still indisposed, while at the Berners Street office no information can be gathered in regard to the present position of the Elite Film Company. The money of the "investors," amounting in all to some hundreds of pounds, might as well have been flung into the sea. Their little lesson in the ways of worldly wisdom has cost them cruelly dear.

BOB-SNATCHING.

EX-SOLDIER FOOLED OUT OF FIVE SHILLINGS.

There is one gifted panjandrum among the Civil Service Commissioners who would be worth real money to concerns with a large consumption of "super-men." He handled the application of Mr. S. E. Westwood, of Bow—who, hearing there was an impending vacancy in the Customs and Excise Department, obtained a form, duly completed the document, and forwarded the 5s. fee without which "all applications will be ignored." The sagacious Commissioner replied to the effect that Westwood's education was not of the required standard. We know not by what mental process this conclusion was reached by the X-ray-eyed official, as he appears to dispense with such cheap methods as examinations. As a matter of fact, the applicant had had a good elementary education, had served as a Staff Quartermaster-Sergeant, and, as a detail, had passed the recent Civil Service Examination for clerical work! A minor official in the Customs and Excise does not need to be a Senior Wrangler or a Double First in Classics; and, in any case, to turn a candidate down without a test seems to be as silly as crediting a Commissioner with brains before the post-mortem. Also, in these hard times, ex-soldiers cannot afford to pay 5s. fees to be fooled—and, while retaining them may be official regulations, it is thinly-veiled robbery at the best.

AXES TO GRIND?

AN UNCONVINCING PROPOSITION AT TEDDINGTON.

Broom Water sounds like a sequestered tarn among the wooded delights of the Lake District. But if the cold truth must be told, this sylvan nomenclature is owned by a small private road in Teddington. Only twenty houses have been erected and occupied, and the traffic therefore is practically negligible. The Urban District Council have not yet taken over the road, and consequently have no powers to compel the occupiers to contribute to its upkeep. Recently, however, Mr. G. H. Salmons, the Clerk to the Council, sent round a circular stating that "a number of owners and ratepayers had approached the Council to make up this road." The cost was estimated at £2,975 16s. 6d., and one owner was informed that his share of this little luxury would be £99 18s. 6d. And would he be willing to pay his share if the Council went on with the work? The owner exhibited a natural curiosity to know the names of the self-sacrificing individuals who had volunteered to stump up hard-earned money without any threats. So far, four blunt and direct letters have elicited only a postcard promising attention. There seems to be but one conclusion—that whoever has raised the question, it was not a majority of "owners and ratepayers," and that the ratepayers' money has been used to circularise the scheme.

GRATEFUL MAMMON.

SORROWFUL END OF A LONG, LONG TRAIL.

The Port of London Authority is a colossal undertaking, with the too common attitude of contemptuous indifference to the fate of old trusted servants, grown grey in honourable service of their interests. Dennis James Callaghan, late of West Garden Buildings, Shadwell, spent forty-one years of his life under these estuarial authorities. Nine weeks ago he punched the relentless finger of the time-recorder for the last time, having reached the milestone which marks the parting of the ways of him and his well-served masters. Of their bounty, they gave unto him, 5s. per week "pension"! Had he not been absent two whole weeks, through illness, it might perchance have been 5s. 1d. As he and his wife could only with difficulty exist on this sum, Callaghan tried at the Labour Exchange, to be pushed and jostled out of his place again and again by younger competitors. His distress and unsettled mind made medical attention necessary, and he was accordingly taken to a doctor, who sent the ailing veteran to St. Andrew's Hospital. In the early morning the problem of Dennis James Callaghan was solved. He threw himself from the window of his ward. It only remains for the Port of London Authority to cancel the gracious bounty of 5s. a week, and they will make a small saving now he is dead.

Make Sunday Ideal by Reading SUNDAY ILLUSTRATED.

CANDID COMMUNICATIONS.

(This space is devoted to Open Letters to Celebrities, Notorieties, and, occasionally, Nonentities.)

To Lieut.-Col. R. V. K. Applin, D.S.O.

DEAR COLONEL APPLIN,—I have no desire unduly to "rub it in" after your signal failure in the Westminster election—that is not my way. But having been, or offered to be, in turn, within the past few months, National Party, Anti-Waste, Independent, Coalition or Unionist candidate, don't you think it would now be wise of you to spend a short time in "meditation fancy free," in the hope of being able to make up what the poverty of the English language compels me to call your mind? There are still the Labour and Communist Parties left, you know. However, better luck next time!

JOHN BULL.

To Miss Elizabeth Craig, Linden Gardens, W.

DEAR ELIZABETH,—I see you have been advocating the appointment of a "dress censor," because, according to your opinion, "thousands of women and girls are to-day putting a question mark to their morals by donning questionable clothes." For my part, I think the girls have never been more prettily dressed than they are to-day. It may be that modern frocks are a little late in starting, and leave off a trifle early, but they are moral in the true sense of the word because they are supremely healthy. So, for goodness' sake, don't talk about a dress censor. We have censors enough, heaven knows—inquisitive humbugs who delight to thrust their noses into other people's business. Let well alone, and prove yourself the sensible woman I always believed you to be.

JOHN BULL.

To Mrs. Evelyn Ann Oliver, Licensee of Cricketers' Rest, Kirke White Street, Nottingham.

MADAM,—I should have thought that beer in Nottingham, as in other places, was sufficiently watered without you or your employees additionally diluting it. The evidence given against you at the Assizes was that the dilution in one barrel was equivalent to an illicit profit of 9s. 4d., and in another to an illicit profit of 24s., and that the beer in your public-house had been systematically watered. A former manager of yours said he was dismissed because he refused to adulterate beer and spirits. In inflicting upon you a fine of £20, Mr. Justice McCardie said he believed him. I have no doubt that the profit of your mean and mercenary malpractices has been greatly in excess of the price you have had to pay for it; but although you have got off cheaply, I hope the fact that you have been found out and convicted will in the future induce you, madam, to be satisfied with the rewards of honest trade.

JOHN BULL.

To the Rev. H. B. Horne, Vicar of St. Mark's, Barrow.

YOUR REVERENCE,—You are reported to have said, in the course of one of your recent sermons, that had the moral tone of Barrow been only half of what it should be, the picture palace where the "Wakeford" film was shown would have been half empty, rather than crowded beyond its capacity. This comes ungenerously from you, as a brother cleric. The ex-Archdeacon, having affirmed his innocence, is utilising modern methods for the purpose of vindicating his character, and it would seem to be your Christian duty to further rather than to disparage his efforts in this direction. "The greatest of these is charity."

JOHN BULL.

To Chief Deskaleh, Iroquois Reservation, Canada.

MY BROTHER,—You have come from the calm solitude of the last fragment now left to you of the once spacious inheritance of your fathers to the lodge of the Great Pale-face Chief. Words of wisdom are on your lips when you ask that your people be delivered from the gift of the vote, which the Canadian Government would thrust upon them. Beware of these politicians with the forked tongue, who will speak honeyed words to the young men, that they abide no longer by the speech of the wise ones of the council fire, but overbear them by the witless weight of words upon a paper. Whereby your land and people will pass as the bison and the prairie. I have spoken.

JOHN BULL.

To Bailie Hugh Ferguson, Motherwell Police Court.

DEAR BAILIE,—You are reported to have said that, so far as you are concerned, you would not convict anyone for taking away all the papers that come in on a Sunday, and it is not quite clear to me whether you were speaking from the strict Sabbatarian point of view or not. However, if your principles *are* so unco' guid, let me remind you that it is not the Sunday newspapers that should be banned, but Monday's. Sunday papers are printed on Saturdays, but Monday issues go to press on what gentlemen of your persuasion call the "Sawbath." If, with the assistance of a noggin of Scotch, you will take the trouble to think this out, it is possible that your views on the theft of Sunday newspapers will undergo a change.

JOHN BULL.

To Mrs. Mary Elliott, Basford, Nottingham.

SILLY OLD WOMAN,—You appear to be a well-preserved relic of earlier times, when illness and disease, being deemed the special malignity of the Devil, were charmed away by weird herbal concoctions brewed with special incantations. For, when a doctor found your whole family living in a small room, with one child showing well-marked symptoms of smallpox, you obstinately refused to allow it to be removed, asserting it was merely a chill! And, in defence of your fool theory, you took the whole lot, infected child included, three miles to the Health Office, travelling in a public tramcar! The 40s. fine should certainly have been coupled with a recommendation to the nearest asylum.

JOHN BULL.

To the Rev. Gwilym Roberts, Pwllheli, Wales.

DEAR ROBERTS,—I don't like to see you ratty or to read your rot. It seems that at an evangelical pow-wow up your way you have been losing your hair on account of the alleged sins and iniquities of people who prefer Sunday boats and Sunday chars-a-bancs to your Sunday sermons. You have, so to speak, piped unto them and they have not danced; you have mourned unto them and they have not lamented; and 'pon my word, I don't blame them and don't wonder at them. Sundays, you know, do not belong wholly to Puritans—not in these days, anyway. By all means preach your sermons to those who can stand them; the others will probably get to Heaven well enough without them.

JOHN BULL.

To Councillor J. J. Vaughan, Mayor of Bethnal Green.

DEAR MR. MAYOR,—I note your return from Russia, where the Trotsky Bolshies have been trotting you round, showing you all they wished you to see and stuffing you with all the flim-flam they wished you to unload as holy gospel in Bethnal Green. If there is anything in Bethnal greener than you, I haven't observed it up to now. For instance, you have returned with the yarn that "the Soviet system is the best that has yet been devised by any country for the welfare of the people." To believe that, a man must be either a lunatic or an ass. After all the bloody terrorism of Lenin and Trotsky, Sovietism, trembling for its own life, has not so much as a crust of bread to give to millions of the enslaved victims of its crazy experimentalists. However, if you really think Russia is such a happy home, by all means go back again—and stay there.

JOHN BULL.

"JOHN BULL'S" WEEKLY CINEMA.

Lloyd George indifference assumes,
Though Nicholson is in;
He thinks it makes no odds to him,
Since *one* was sure to win.

Once more the football bounds along
Impelled by pedal force,
While thousands watch the varying play
And shout until they're hoarse.

Ex-Kaiser Wilhelm grows more bold,
And in a blustering tone
Sends words to Germany, as though
He still sat on the throne!

Old limpets hasten to retire,
Moved by a sickening fear
That if they don't their pensions will
Be much reduced next year!

DON'T hope for the best: GET it— SUNDAY ILLUSTRATED.

ONE TO

Westminster's Message to "Westminster"—Clean Polit

By THE

I AM told that the result of the recent by-election in the Abbey Division of Westminster was received with astonishment by certain worthy people, but I confess that for me it had no element of surprise. Before—not after—the event, I ventured to prophesy, and in a special week-day edition of the *Sunday Evening Telegram*, issued the night before the poll, I went so far as to declare, that Lieut.-Col. Applin, the Harmsworth candidate, was in a "hopeless plight," and that his opponent, the true champion of Independent politics (Brigadier-General Nicholson, was "romping in." And I meant it. I am a pretty old electioneering hand, and I think I know by this time when I am "on a winner." I could not conceive that the electors of an enlightened constituency like the Abbey Division would be satisfied with the barren programme of the negative Anti-Waste League, whose principal achievement it is to have erected a newspaper cry into the deceitful semblance of a national policy. I could not believe that the voters would be content to accept the tricky slogan of "Economy Without Exception," which, if put into practice in anything like a logical fashion, must necessarily involve the cutting down of all sorts of essential services and the dishonouring of obligations which every patriot holds sacred. It is perfectly true, and I make my critics a present of the admission, that in the past I have fought side by side with Parliamentary candidates who subscribed to the principles of the Anti-Waste League. I have shared the platform with my young friend Mr. Esmond Harmsworth, and may even have rapped the table at his sonorous enunciation of sentiments which, if they did not go very far, were at least all right as far as they went. But the conditions prevailing in those earlier by-elections had very little in common with those obtaining in the Abbey Division. The choice then was between an apostle of "Anti-Waste" and a pledge-bound adherent of the spendthrift Coalition Government. I naturally preferred a candidate who took up an independent attitude on the single question of finance to one who, if elected to the House of Commons, would on all occasions yield a slavish allegiance to the Government Whips. At Westminster, however, the circumstances were entirely altered, and when, as a voter in the division, I found myself confronted with two "Independent" candidates, I had no difficulty whatever in making a sound choice.

Independence *v.* Anti-Waste.

As the conditions obtaining in the Abbey Division may recur at any moment, it may be well to examine the principles involved. The external features of the election need not detain us long. Naturally a large section of the electors were annoyed at having an outside candidate dumped upon them by a large newspaper proprietor; and, with all respect for Lord Rothermere, I confess that I stand amazed at his electoral tactics upon this occasion. In this direction the Anti-Waste comedy is fast broadening into farce. I rather like Mr. Esmond Harmsworth personally, and think he has every chance of becoming a useful Member of Parliament, but at the same time one cannot withhold a meed of sympathy from the faithful hacks of both branches of the Harmsworth Press, who have received instructions that upon any and every occasion this politically inexperienced youth is to be described in print as "the Leader of the Anti-Waste Party." I have been trying to analyse that claim, and as far as I can make out at present all it means is that the Member for Thanet goes into the Division Lobby just in front of the Member for St. George's. As a matter of fact, there is no such thing as an Anti-Waste Party in the House of Commons. There are one or two odd Members who have promised to keep a special eye on Government expenditure, and a well-organised Independent Group, of which I am the Chairman, having a definite constructive policy which upon several critical occasions has received the approval of the electors. The members of this Group may not see eye to eye upon every question of policy, but they are in general agreement, and have reached a common basis of action. When through the unhappy death of the sitting Member, Sir W. Burdett-Coutts, a vacancy occurred in the Abbey Division of Westminster, I did not advise the Independent Parliamentary Group to nominate a candidate for the very good and sufficient reason that there was one already in the field whose general sympathies were in line with ours and who was prepared, with trifling exceptions, to accept the programme of Parliamentary action that we had made our own. As regards the question of economy the rivals were in agreement. Both were opposed to "Waste." Every intelligent citizen is opposed to waste. The difference was that Colonel Applin, at the bidding of Lord Rothermere, and with the somewhat hectic juvenile support of Mr. Esmond Harmsworth, had hoisted the tawdry banner of "Economy Without Exception," while Brigadier-General Nicholson, with what to my mind was a far sounder judgment, had allowed the motto of "Economy With Efficiency" to summarise his attitude upon questions of public finance. Between the two I could not hesitate for a moment. The out-and-out *recipe* of the Anti-Wasters reminded me much too forcibly of a prescription for getting rich which I once found a man selling for half-a-crown a time: "Work like the Devil and never spend a ha'penny." If an individual followed this absurd advice I daresay he would get rich in the sense that his bank balance would swell, but he would be poorer in all the essential qualities of life—in health, in comfort, in culture, and in a score of other ways. So it is with a nation. The fundamental blunder of the "Simon Pures" of economy who make up the Anti-Waste League is that they confuse "wasting" with "spending." The two things are not invariably the same. It is always a sin to waste public money, and yet there are occasions when it is a crime to stint it. There are times when to save money is to court dishonour. I have said, and I make no apology for repeating it, that if the policy of "Economy Without Exception" is pushed to its logical conclusion it will necessarily involve the curtailment of pensions and allowances

The JOHN BULL Rooster:—"Though I'd be proud to be allow
To call you son, my lad,

TO ME!

...tics Win the Abbey Election—A Positive Programme.

EDITOR.

which are the reward of valour, the repudiation of liabilities that are essentially debts of honour, the starvation of vital public services and the general impoverishment of national life. The fixed idea of Anti-Waste has already led Lord Rothermere into more than one dangerous pass. The contrast between Colonel Applin's views and those of General Nicholson upon the subject of education, for instance, was highly significant. General Nicholson said in effect: "We are wasting money on 'education.' The cost is heavy and the results poor. Nevertheless, a sound system of education is essential. Give us a proper system. Train the youngsters on sensible lines and use reasonable care to fit them for the places they will have to fill in after-life, and we will not begrudge the cost. The money will be well spent. Investment is not waste." To this sensible pronouncement I said "Aye" with all my heart. On the other hand, Colonel Applin's attitude, similarly paraphrased, came to this: "Education in this country is costing millions of money. We cannot afford it. Cut it down." Just that—and that only. And so with many other subjects of vital import. The programme of the Anti-Waste League, swallowed whole by Colonel Applin, erected miserliness into a virtue and exalted stinginess into a system. I could see no sense in it—and said so. As a voter I plumped for General Nicholson who, as I say, with one or two exceptions, endorsed the policy of the Independent Group:

> The maintenance of British Supremacy—with a Navy, Army and Air Force sufficient for the needs of the Empire, unfettered by Leagues of Nations or any other International restrictions.
>
> The stern enforcement of the provisions of the Treaty of Versailles—especially in regard to the payment of Indemnities and Reparation, and the trial of War criminals.
>
> The relinquishment by Britain of all mandates involving the upkeep of naval or military forces where British interests are not involved.
>
> The regulation of the relations between Capital and Labour providing (*a*) first for a fair, remunerative wage to workers; (*b*) for a fair economic return of interest on the capital and reward of the enterprise of the employers; (*c*) the creation of Reserves against bad trade; and (*d*) the equitable distribution between employers and employed of all surplus wealth produced—with a system of Arbitration Courts with power to deal with all industrial disputes.
>
> The establishment of the office of a Public Defender.
>
> The reform of the House of Lords by modification of the hereditary principle.
>
> The support of Agriculture, as our first line of defence, reducing our dependence upon foreign food supplies.

As soon as I intervened on the side of General Nicholson I was favoured with an outburst of organised hooliganism which will linger for a long time in the minds of the voters of the Abbey Division, who regarded it as an insult to themselves personally and to the candidate of their ultimate choice. I think I know the genesis of this shady movement, and if I am right it was about as disgraceful an exhibition of spite as I remember in my whole experience of political life. It did its work, however, though not quite in the way it was intended—as was seen when the figures were declared, showing that, as I predicted, General Nicholson had romped in, with a majority of 1,234 over the discomfited Colonel Applin. That is the way such strategy usually works in a country which prides itself on its sporting traditions and love of fair play. Added to the resentment naturally felt at the dirty tactics employed by the hangers-on of the Anti-Waste Party was a feeling throughout the Division that the high-handed attitude of Lord Rothermere—whose nominee Colonel Applin was—tended to undermine the foundations of representative government, the essence of which consists in the free choice of a candidate for a contested election. This feeling is not confined to Westminster, as is evidenced by the following extract from an amusing dialogue, circulated as a leaflet by Sir Philip Dawson, who is putting up a stout fight in West Lewisham against another Harmsworth nominee:—

> *Q.*—Surely the Anti-Waste League must have a lot of money to spend on by-elections?
>
> *A.*—Yes. It must have big secret funds, for it does not ask its members for any subscriptions.
>
> *Q.*—But I suppose its members in a constituency select its Anti-Waste candidate as other political associations do?
>
> *A.*—They do not. Lord Rothermere simply announces in his papers that such-and-such Anti-Waste candidate will fight such-and-such a constituency. The local electors have no say in the matter. They are required to take whom Lord Rothermere selects.

In the main, this is true, although the statement that the local electors "have no say in the matter" needs an important qualification in the light of the Westminster result. Their "say" comes at the polling-booth, and the substantial majority accorded to the honest Independent politician who now sits for the Abbey Division may tend to damp the exuberance of the Anti-Wasters. Their purely negative policy has been weighed in the balance, and found wanting. The crying need of the nation is for an increasing number of broad-minded Members of Parliament who, while acting as vigilant watch-dogs in regard to public finance, will lend a willing ear to every suggestion for widening the bounds of political freedom and for applying the balm of social justice to the still bleeding wounds of war. I heartily welcome General Nicholson as a Parliamentary colleague. His return is to be regarded as a message from Westminster to "Westminster"—that is, from the historic constituency which lies close to the heart of London to the Mother of Parliaments which meets within a stone's throw of the Abbey walls. The verdict of the Westminster election proves that the British public cannot and will not be content with a merely negative policy, but that they will rally nobly in support of a positive programme which has patriotism as its keynote and common sense as its guide.

...llowed

If that can't be, at least you're free
To call me foster-dad!"

IN THE BARBER'S CHAIR.

LORD DERBY.

GOO' mornin', me lord. 'Appy to see you. Take this chair. . . . *Shavin'?* Right. We've 'ad a wunnerful summer 'aven't we? Wunnerful! If affairs in general 'ad on'y bin as good as the weather., there wouldn't be much to grouse about. But these disturbances is gittin' a bit too thick . . . *Always a certain amount of unrest in Injia?* I wasn't referrin' to Injia, me lord, but race meetin's. It's a nice thing w'en a feller carn't attend a meetin' to see 'is fancy run without runnin' the risk of losing 'is life, or at least 'is money, if any. I 'ope you'll use all your powerful influence, me lord, to 'ave them racecourse pests pinched. I reckon race goers all over the country look to you to 'ave somethink done. Thet was a nice win o' yours in the Ebor 'Andicap, me lord. March along *did* march along, an' no error! I wasn't too pleased on me own account, 'avin' backed Devizes both ways, but I don't begrudge you your win, becos you're straight. . . .

* * *

I don't believe there's any gen'l'man I'd be better pleased to 'ave in 'ere then *you*, sir. . . . *W'y?* Well, becos you're p'raps one o' the most useful men in the country to-day. I don't believe the general public knows 'arf wot we owe to you, sir. You go about your little jobs quietly, without makin' a n'ell of a fuss, like wot some so-called politicians do, an' you git things done. . . . *Wot am I referrin' to pertickler?* Well, there's the work you done in Frawnce, f'rinstance. I reckon if it 'adn't bin for you we'd 'ave 'ad trouble with the French before now. But you've got a way of smoothin' over difficulties wot jest soots our French friends, 'oo're a bit on the excitable side—but good chaps, for all that, w'en you know them. P'raps you'll be surprised w'en I tell you I know somethink about thet little private trip you took to Paris the other day, w'en things was beginnin' to look a bit snorty? . . . *'Ow did I know you went?* Well, I carn't very well tell you me source of information, me lord. I don't like to give a pal away, an' I'm shore you're too good a sportsman to want me to do it. . . . I thort not. I should say you was one o' the most successful an' best-liked Ambassadors we ever sent to Paris, wasn't you, me lord? . . . *Not for you to say?* Well, I likes your modesty, sir, but all the same, I guess you agree with me. O' course, Lloy' George got most o' the praise each time things was straightened out with the French, but I've got an idea you was be'ind the scenes every time. . . . and the bloke be'ind the scenes sees a 'darn sight more of the play than them what set in front. . . .

* * *

Bin to Ireland lately, me lord? . . . *Willin' to go if you're wanted?* I'm shore you are. Thet's wot I likes about you, sir. You've got money to burn, I dessay—thet is, compared with me—you don't *'ave* to work, yet you spends yerself an' runs risks for the ole country as if you was paid for it! I 'aven't fergot 'ow you went to Dublin disguised in a pair o' spectacles, an' p'raps done as much good as w'en Valera come over 'ere. . . . *Sarcastic?* No, I don't mean it thet way, me lord. . . . Well, 'ow's thet, sir? . . . Thanks, I'm very much erbliged. On'y too 'appy, I'm shore. . . . Goo'-day, me lord.

EXTRA TURNS.

BY POLITICAL PATTERERS.

THE HON. ESMOND CECIL HARMSWORTH, M.P.

I'm rather a precocious kid,
As you will all agree—
What some might call in politics
An infant prodigy!
Though only twenty-three years old
I feel a man of forty—
A fact that makes me rather bold
And most uncommon haughty!
And don't forget I am the heir
Presumptive of Lord Rothermere!

PATTER: Pass the milk, please! Thank you. And what about a few spoonfuls of Glaxo?—Much obliged, I'm sure. I *must* have a little stimulant, you know; I've *so* much work to do. Consider my position! What? The strain! What? I've tried to do my work on hot air, but I find it won't do. I *must* have nourishment. The Mother of Parliaments has run dry, unfortunately before I've been properly weaned. Now I'm reduced to Nestlés! Diluted with a small Applinaris, it isn't bad. I've grown up—suddenly. The spurt occurred last Friday. I was in the Abbey. . . Excuse my emotion. I have often seen people overcome by their feelings in the Abbey. I used not to understand it, but now I do. The Abbey has not only a sobering but a depressing effect. I went there with Aunty Waste—the dear old soul! She used to be such a charming creature; used to give me anything I wanted. Well, I went to the Abbey with Aunty Waste—and she gave me the slip! Positively deserted me! Went off without saying good-bye! Not even a kiss! Cry? You should have heard me! Then I staggered against a Mirror and cracked it! What rotten luck! But still, I've grown up. I've decided to put away childish things. I used to think I was a strong man when I wasn't much more than a child, but now I've grown to man's estate I realise how childish I was. No more building castles on the sands for me! I'm giving away my steam-engine and other toys to the Greatest of These Fund, for other and less fortunate children to play with. I know I've been a bit bumptious and pushing for my age, but I'm rather keen on Pitt. He was Prime Minister at the age of twenty-one, or thereabouts, and—you know—it made me feel sort of envious. Perhaps I *did* try to run before I could walk; but pride goes before a fall, and I came a cropper. Never mind. I'm not too old, or too young, to learn. I mean to make good—off my own bat, not father's. And I hope to make it up with Aunty Waste—although she's so frightfully Independent! It's rotten to quarrel with one's relations. I've learnt that. Lately. What? So don't think too hardly of me. I may have been silly, but I don't think I've any vice.

I was a quite precocious kid,
As you will all agree—
What some might call, in politics,
An infant prodigy!
Though only twenty-three years old
I felt a man of forty—
A fact that made me rather bold
And most uncommon haughty!
Now I'll forget I am the heir
Presumptive of Lord Rothermere!

PRINTER'S PIE.

"WOLVERHAMPTON EXPRESS":—"The favourite WON easily, FINISHING THIRD."

"DAILY EXPRESS":—"Sussex has the highest SURPLUS of women, in proportion, but in CONTRAST to this there are six counties where the WOMEN ARE ACTUALLY IN EXCESS."

"BIDEFORD & NORTH DEVON WEEKLY":—"Petrol down again—by FIVEPENCE A GALLOP."

"EDINBURGH SUNDAY POST":—"The two led a cat and dog life, with frequent FIGHTS, which often ENDED IN BLOWS."

"NOTTINGHAM EVENING POST":—"Sergt.—— was on duty where the UP GRADIENT BEGINS and the DOWN GRADIENT STARTS."

"HACKNEY & KINGSLAND GAZETTE":—"The animal was suffering from concussion, but it would probably be all right if given THREE WEEKS' RENT."

"CONNACHT TRIBUNE" (advertisement):—"Funeral furnisher. Graves made. NO SECOND DEALING WHEN YOU DO WITH ME."

"DAILY MAIL":—"The only thing is to DRINK THE BUTTERMILK while fresh—and then APPLY IT AS A FACE WASH."

"NORTH EASTERN DAILY GAZETTE" (advertisement):—"£11 11s.—Pair of dark walnut toilet tables; REDUCED FROM £6."

"STAR":—"His son ran out and gave the alarm, but apparently the DEAD MAN HAD RUN OFF TO THE HOSPITAL before then."

"DAILY MIRROR":—"There were many wounds on the head which were probably caused by a BLUNT, POINTED instrument."

"THANET ADVERTISER":—"Mr. ———— said that complainant was ALONE WITH THE EXCEPTION OF ANOTHER DIRECTOR WHO WAS NOT THERE."

"DAILY NEWS FOOTBALL ANNUAL, 1921-2":—"Gloucester, the County Champions, retained their honours by BATING Leicestershire in the final at Gloucester."

"WESTMORLAND GAZETTE" (advertisement):—"Wanted, Single-handed Gardener, with help, MARRIED NO FAMILY: Wife willing to help in house or DAUGHTER old enough for service."

OUR ADVERTISEMENT COLUMNS.

And still they come—a surprisingly large number of letters of approval of the JOHN BULL guarantee of advertisements set out on page 19.

A reader from Dover writes to S. A. Barry & Co.: "You certainly do yourselves and the advertising medium (JOHN BULL) credit for honest dealing through the post." The firm repeat their offer in this issue.

We have inspected the stock of mackintoshes advertised by George Weston & Co., and find them excellent value.

Thomas Cook & Sons announce excursions, and state that tickets in advance are obtainable for ordinary or excursion trains at any of their branches in London and in Provincial centres.

Barbours, Ltd., offer very good value in oilskins.

J. Hawkins & Co. send cretonnes direct from their factory at the bargain price of 1s. 6d. a yard.

Catesby's have a large range of men's suits for cash or on easy terms.

William Shadforth gives the prescriptions of certain remedies, and acts in the novel role of postal chemist.

The 7 o'Clock Razor Co. offer two razor sets at the price of one—plus 1s.

The "Amateur Mechanic," issued by the Waverley Book Co., is an excellent work. Readers should send for free descriptive booklet.

Harrill's Stores are selling twill sheets at 10s. 6d. per pair.

Free samples of "Cow and Gate" Milk Food for infants are offered on the front cover.

Other bargains appear in this issue—some of which are in the "Small Ads. Worth Watching," on page 17.

Make Sunday Ideal by Reading SUNDAY ILLUSTRATED.

OFFICERS' ARMY TRENCH COATS.

BRAND New, interlined oilskin and with detachable fleece linings, at the remarkably low price of

65/- each.

About one-fourth of war-time value.

These coats have been inspected in bulk by a representative of "John Bull," and are guaranteed to be as described above. They are offered at above low price because they have to be sold at a time when weather conditions are unfavourable for their disposal. When ordering state height and chest measurement over jacket.

Delivery is generally made in from 12 to 14 days and is GUARANTEED within 21 days. Prepaid mail orders only are accepted, and if the coat does not give complete satisfaction, money will be at once refunded, provided garment is returned undamaged within 7 days.

Purchasers of our 30s. reconditioned trench coats who have not yet received delivery, may, if they wish, exchange into this offer on forwarding difference in price.

N.B.—On and after the 10th September next, the price of these trench coats will be increased to 75/- each. All orders received before that date will be executed at the old price of 65/-.

ORDER NOW,
as the supply is limited.

GEORGE WESTON & CO. (Dept. J.B.)

Hounslow, Middlesex.

THE STORY OF TOBACCO. *No. 8—Introduced to Queen Elizabeth.*

SIR Walter Raleigh introduced Tobacco to Queen Elizabeth and smoked a pipe in her presence. It is not recorded whether her Majesty tried the experiment, but being of an adventurous disposition it is possible that she did. Sir Walter was not in a position to introduce a Tobacco like Player's "Country Life," to the Queen, for in those early days the herb was still in its crude form.

PLAYER'S

"COUNTRY LIFE"

Tobacco and Cigarettes.

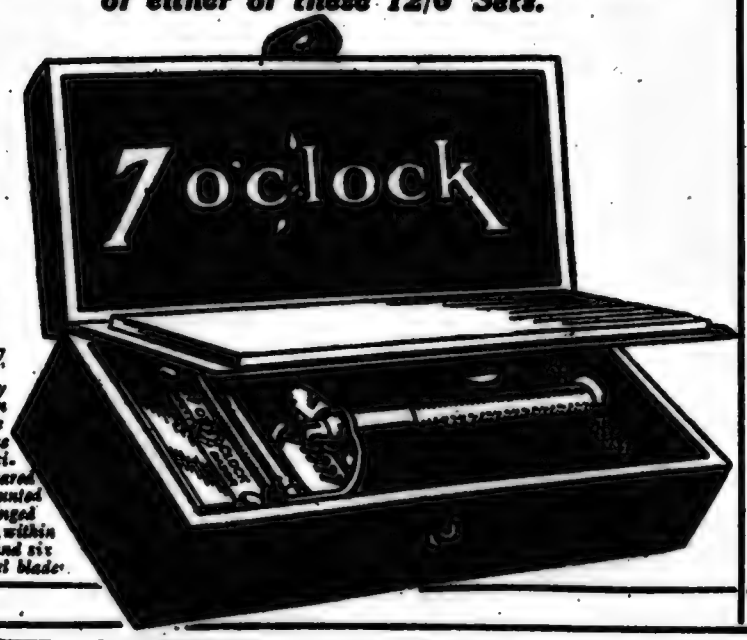
TOBACCO	CIGARETTES
Mild & Medium Strengths	Pink Packet 10 for 6d.
1/-per oz. 4/-per ¼lb. Tin	Blue Packet 10 for 5½d.

JOHN PLAYER & SONS, NOTTINGHAM.

P.480 Branch of The Imperial Tobacco Co. (of Great Britain and Ireland), Ltd.

NICKEL SET
No. 21 "7 o'clock" Safety Razor. In highly polished, heavily nickelled case, as illustrated, with six lancet steel blades. A very durable set which packs in small space.

A Shilling Buys Another
of either of these 12/6 Sets.



STANDARD SET
No. 20 "7 o'clock" Safety Razor. In handsome black case with specially prepared strop, mounted on a hinged partition, within the lid, and six lancet steel blades.

EXTRAORDINARY OFFER

by the Manufacturers of the well-known "7 o'clock" Safety Razor.

Between the 1st July and the 31st December, 1921, every purchaser of a "7 o'clock Razor Set (as illustrated) at the ordinary price of 12/6, is entitled to obtain another set exactly the same for 1/- only.

If you buy a "7 o'clock" Razor Set to-day, you will naturally want your friend—the man with whom you have "talked shaving"—to share the comfort which this perfect shaving instrument provides. This special offer enables you to present him with a "7 o'clock" razor exactly similar to your own, complete in either black or nickel case, for the trifling sum of 1/-, plus 9d. postage and registration. This second razor set will be in no way inferior to your own, but of absolutely the same quality—heavily silvered, accurately adjusted and well cased.

All you have to do.

Purchase a "7 o'clock" Safety Razor at any razor shop (either a standard or nickel set). Inside the box you will find a voucher, or the dealer will give you one if you ask him. Fill it up and send it to the manufacturers (address below), together with the dealer's receipt and P.O. for 1/9, and a second set will be at once posted to any address you give—either your own or that of a friend. Either set may be purchased and either will be sent for the additional shilling to any address in the United Kingdom which you give. For example, you may choose to buy a Standard Set for everyday use and have a Nickel Set sent for your week-end suit case. In this way 13/6 will buy you two first-class razors, the regular price of which is 12/6 each.

Any dealer will show you the "7 o'clock," and will vouch for the reputation of the manufacturers who make this offer.

This offer also applies to purchasers of the guinea Tourist Set No. 23, but in this case either a No. 20 or 21 Set must be chosen as the second or "shilling buys another" set, unless the difference, 8/6, is sent in addition to the 1/9.

7 o'clock Safety Razor.

Offices and Factory: 197 207, City Road, London, E.C.1.

TOMMY, JACK AND BADGERS.

OUR PLEDGE:—"No case of hardship or injustice, no instance of beggarly treatment or mean cheeseparing, shall go unchallenged or unremedied."—*Horatio Bottomley*, 19th August, 1916.

To the "Linseed Lancers":—Many R.A.M.C. men ask us if they are entitled to the extra pay we induced the Government to dub up to a number of their comrades some weeks ago. They can only claim if they enlisted at the special rates between the 4th and 14th August, 1914. Territorials do not participate.

Flouting the King:—His Majesty publicly appealed to employers to do their best for his ex-soldiers, and the response was not ungenerous. But many Government Departments paid no heed to the request, and they now include the Depot at Cranwell, where numbers of Badgers who fought are being dismissed, civilian war-dodgers being retained. Was it for this that Tommy offered us his life?

Outrageous:—We still receive complaints from men demobilised without papers, who have gone home and been arrested as deserters, taken to north, south and west of the kingdom for trial, placed in detention pending it, and then honourably acquitted. In the meantime they lost their jobs, and are destitute owing to the negligence or ignorance of their Records Officers and others who are well paid for their work. We must plead in Parliament for compensation for the victims of the unbusinesslike ways of the slackers who are unfortunately still in Government pay.

The Indian Straw:—Some time ago we predicted that a storm was brewing in South India. We had letters assuring us that we were dreamers. What betting now on a very big expedition to beat down the flames of revolt that are bound to spread? The treatment of General Dyer does not encourage Commanding Officers to do the thing that is right. Our safety in India depended upon the fact that the Mussulman hated the Hindoo, and the Hindoo hated the Mussulman with interest. Now the two have become one. Look out!

Pity Tommy Out East:—Registered, insured and other parcels are sent to our soldiers out in the blazing East. They are passed as correct regarding stampage by our home postal authorities, but when they are received very often the addressee is called upon to pay more or less surcharge, which he cannot well afford. Why? Who is to blame?

To You in Ireland:—Erin has always been an unhappy country, but one of the best to soldier in. You boys who send us your numerous complaints, carry on. You tell us that you have to do guards and picquets and the rest of it. The same thing happened to the fellows of the grand old Army that was practically annihilated between Mons and the Marne, and they never groused, although in some stations they spent only two nights in their beds during the week. Send us your legitimate complaints and we will have them remedied.

Jack's Money:—The following awards of salvage money are now ready for distribution:—Salvage of Ketch *St. Pierre* by H.M. Tug *Flying Buzzard* on 18th August, 1917; salvage of the cargo of s.s. *Defiance* by R.F.A. *Leinol* on 19th July, 1919. Demobilised tars thank us for this weekly tip. Only too delighted. We looked after you during the war, and do so now.

Our Daily "Thank You":—From J. K. F. (Burnley).—"As a result of your investigations, endeavours, etc., I have now received payment of the salvage awards due to me, and concerning which I wrote to you a while ago. I am very thankful, and as a small token of my gratitude I am forwarding you herewith a small sum for your 'Greatest of These' Fund, and trust that every needy person will find a helper so kind and modest as you have been to me. These words enter into my mind every time I see your name, 'Without thought of reward, he gave his help.'"

RACING NOTES.

(All enquiries in respect of sporting matters will be dealt with in the correspondence columns of the SPORTING LIFE.*)*

The Nursery Season.

Handicaps for two-year-olds come into vogue at Derby to-morrow, and it would seem that we shall have to watch youngsters from Line's, Gilpin's and Hartigan's stables during the first week or so of the Nursery season. Silpho on his second in the Gimcrack looks well in the Devonshire Nursery with 8 stone, while it would appear that the handicapper has been far too lenient with Tomboy in the Elvaston Nursery.

Prince Edward Handicap

March Along's stable can be represented in this race by Crevasse and Harrier, and the chosen of the pair will probably start favourite, though Double Up has been making such strides all the season that we vote for him. Flamboyant, however, is a serious candidate for place honours.

WEEK'S SELECTIONS.

DERBY—WEDNESDAY.
Harrington Plate—*BRIXWORTH.
Friary Plate—NOVEL.
Derbyshire Breeders' Plate—POLYMESTOR.
DERBY—THURSDAY.
Devonshire Nursery—*SILPHO.
Elvaston Nursery—TOMBOY.
Peveril of the Peak Plate—PARAGON.
Selling Nursery—RED SPINNER.
MANCHESTER—FRIDAY.
Palatine Nursery—CRAIGANGOWER.
Ellesmere Handicap—*ALDERSEY.
Autumn Breeders' Foal Plate—SICYON.
MANCHESTER—SATURDAY.
Wilton Nursery—DARRARA COLT.
Prince Edward Handicap—*DOUBLE UP.
Michaelmas Plate—POOROM.
FOLKESTONE—FRIDAY.
Leas Nursery—LADY CLARA.
Moderate Plate—*GOLDEN WAY.
FOLKESTONE—SATURDAY.
Dover Handicap—YOSHIWARA.
Romney Handicap—*BRANCE.

"The Greatest of These—"

Registered under the War Charities Act as the JOHN BULL *War Sufferers' Fund. All cheques should be made payable to the Fund, and donations addressed to the Hon. Secretary at* 93, *Long Acre, London, W.C.2.*

Among the numerous cases we assisted during the week were the following:—

Off Hopping:—We had the annual crop of requests from men and women and their families who wanted assistance to go to the Kentish hop fields. We helped as far as possible.

A Sum in Arithmetic:—Pensioned at 9s. 6d. a week, an ex-soldier has a wife and five young children to support. Out of the sum named he has to pay for rent, food, clothing and other things. How is it done? He cannot find employment.

New Little Britons:—It did not need the Census returns to assure us that the birth-rate is going up! The rise continues steadily, and the majority of the glad parents are at their wits' end to provide clothing and the other necessaries.

Made Him a Man:—A scarecrow came to us. He was "hanging in rags." Previously he had written to us begging for the work that he could not find. We got him a good job, whereupon he came to us for "raiment fit." We saw him through, and he is now a man again.

Jack's Trouble:—An ex-bluejacket on being "discharged to the mud" set up a home on the hire-purchase system for his wife and four children, another coming along. When the hearty tar came to us, the hire-purchase people were in his house to take the furniture away.

THANKS TO OUR FRIENDS.

Thank you. It is really cheering. Our "S.O.S." appeals to you—and particularly to you holiday-makers—have already had a good result. Extra subscriptions are beginning to come in, but all too slowly. We want to see the volume increase. You may believe us that, with many more than a million people workless, there is great destitution in the kingdom, and a big proportion of the victims apply to us for help, *through you*.

Now let us lift the veil for a moment. We have applications from all sorts and conditions of men and women. We have the honest poor, those who have been in comfortable circumstances and have been made poor through the war, the professional begging-letter writer, and the tramp, who lives on the country, and who on striking London makes his first call at JOHN BULL'S Office to cadge a pound note. We are often appealed to by a father who has a starving "family" described as down and out and hungry. But when we investigate we find that the family has two, three, or four members drawing the out-of-work dole and living royally without doing a tap of work!

They get no help from us. All kinds of thieves and rascals assail us for your money, but none get through the meshes of our net.

The honestly deserving obtain relief on the spot, and we know that swift action on our part is your wish. Brushing aside the numerous frauds who regard our Fund as a "soft thing," and try to impose upon it, there are the tremendous number of others, many of whom have "fallen" from comfortable estate—who are hungry, poorly-clad, ill, and in debt; and, above all, the stricken parents who deny themselves to give food and sustenance to their children, many of whom are as badly off as the starving in Russia. Help us, and we in turn will help them. Send us your dole, and when closing your eyes at night reflect, "Well, to-day I did one good turn, like a Boy Scout, and my having done it will bring happiness to a stricken home."

SUBSCRIPTIONS TO THE FUND.

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Mr. Sydney Wood, the winner of the Third Prize in *Sunday Illustrated* Monthly Competition, has kindly sent us £5.

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"The work is excellent. It is almost impossible for any amateur worker to desire knowledge which is not to be found within these four volumes. I am working in a small shop, odd-jobbing, taking everything that comes my way, and my scope has been enlarged as though I had served innumerable apprenticeships. I am even contemplating taking up some entirely fresh trade as a spare-time occupation. I have already made a successful attempt at watch and clock repairing by getting a watch and clock in good working order that had been returned as hopeless by three watchmakers! My entire information on the subject came from 'The Amateur Mechanic.'"

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"I intend that this work shall be a free gift to me; for by taking advantage of your instalment plan I can see how to easily save the money on house repairs alone, as I find that quite a number of jobs I had intended putting out are treated of in the work and are by no means beyond my limited capacity (with your writers at my elbow). . . . Once again to thank you. . . ."

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ADVICE TO INVESTORS.

By OUR CITY EDITOR

Each enquiry must bear name and address and be accompanied by a Postal Order for One Shilling.

Trade *Is* Bettering.

From several directions in the provinces better trade news is filtering through. The much-wanted overseas orders are beginning to materialise. The improvement at the moment is only of small dimensions, but it warrants a belief that we shall not be unduly optimistic in looking for a normal autumnal expansion in industry during the next three months. That manufacturers have been quietly preparing for this condition of affairs is shown by the falling unemployment figures of the past few week, as well as by reports from individual trade centres. The improvement is dawning none too soon, for stories reach us of big textile undertakings which fin the greatest difficulty in putting up money to pay rates and taxes, because they can raise no further cash at their bankers, who, indeed, are insistent in demands for the reduction of "overdrafts."

New Capital Issues.

Another cheerful sign is reviving activity among company promoters and others associated with the flotation of new capital issues. These people have the keenest sense of opportunity, and keep their finger always on the pulse of the public. The success of a small New Zealand utility issue indicated that ordinary investors were not quite so atrophied by traditional holiday influences as there had been a disposition to believe. The public will consequently have the opportunity of examining several new capital offers some weeks earlier than had originally been intended.

"Frozen" Credit.

"Frozen credit" is a phrase which has come into more or less general use lately, to denote a condition of deadlock and *impasse* in commerce and industry. It means a state of affairs in which bank funds are locked up with traders, and traders' money in turn is locked up in stock, no liquidation of the position being possible until the public at home and abroad begins buying general commodities again on a generous scale. The position in this respect is not so bad as it would have been but for the coal strike, during which stocks were reduced because fresh manufacture was largely impossible. The news that the Ebbw Vale Ironworks are being re-started after six months' idleness is the most important evidence of changing conditions yet recorded, and the movement is spreading. Eastern orders are checking the "short time" tendency in the textile trades.

The Shipping Slump.

The altered situation in the shipping world, compared with 2½ years ago, was cruelly illustrated last week, when the mortgagee, Sir Arthur Sutherland, sold under the hammer eight ships which had belonged to the Western Counties Shipping Company, and on which he had foreclosed. During the shipping "boom," Sir Arthur Sutherland sold these boats to the Western Counties Company at around £35 per ton. The price now realised is about £4 10s. The difference represents money lost by the public, who supported the venture.

Indo-China Navigation Deferred.

The principal dealers in the shipping market would give a deal to know what the future holds for the Indo-China Steam Navigation Company, and in particular for that concern's Deferred shares. A recent rise led to the usual rumour that buying was going on with a view to the eventual transference of control to the P. and O. Company. The latter always denies that this is contemplated, but I happen to know that a certain big financial house is a steady buyer of Indo-China Deferred for ulterior purposes, and these purchases never come to market again. The investments and liquid assets shown in the balance-sheet represent over £50 per share for the Deferred, which, therefore, look cheap even at their present level of 38, against a par value of 5.

What About Kaffirs?

The most urgent current question on the Stock Exchange is, will the Kaffir market continue to broaden? Lately there has been a further advance, accompanied by plentiful confidence. The professional element, with whom the wish is father to the thought, are solidly predicting a roaring market by mid-September, barring accidents. I think good shares, like Randfonteins, Government Areas, Modderfonteins, and a few others are worth buying, because these counters are always sound to hold. There are vague rumours, probably spread with that intent, that Rand working costs are about to be reduced by the introduction of a new process of treating ores. This is, however, unconfirmed.

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Sunday Illustrated

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COMPANY MEETING.

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Sir Adolph Tuck, Bt. (the chairman), in moving the adoption of the report, said that so far as volume was concerned the past year's trade was the largest in the history of the company. He wished it had been possible to make the same gratifying statement with regard to the net profit, but owing to causes entirely beyond the Board's control, including abnormally high expenses, such a desirable double result could not be achieved in the period under review.

The profits for the year amounted to £47,363, and the directors recommended the payment of a final dividend on the ordinary shares, making, with the interim distribution, 10 per cent. for the year. The company's total reserves stood at £86,000 odd.

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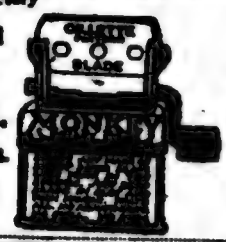

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Venereal Disease.

Safeguard Your Health

THE real safeguard is chastity. If you are in any doubt or difficulty, write to the National Council for Combating Venereal Disease, 30a, Avenue Chambers, Vernon Place, Southampton Row, London, W.C.1, from whom free information can be obtained.

BAD LEGS

CURED AT HOME.

THE NATIONAL INFIRMARY FOR BAD LEGS, BROUGHTON, MANCHESTER

NO apology is made for drawing the attention of readers of this paper to the work of the National Infirmary for Bad Legs, Great Clowes Street, Broughton, Manchester, in view of the alarming increase in the number of cases of this painful malady which until now has been thought incurable. Ordinary methods of treatment are powerless to stay this advance, and unable to do more than tend and relieve symptoms, and by means of absolute rest to patch up a case for a while until movement breaks down what has already been done, and the unfortunate sufferer has to go through it all again.

A WONDERFUL DISCOVERY.

The National Infirmary for Bad Legs has for some years past directed the skill of its Staff to the perfection of a treatment in their possession, which effects a permanent and lasting cure of this most distressing malady. Success of a gratifying character has, we understand, crowned their efforts, and to-day thousands of patients who have been cured by this treatment testify to the benefits they have received.

WHAT THIS NEW TREATMENT IS.

This marvellous new method of curing bad legs is known as the Tremol Treatment, and by the courtesy of The Secretary a Press representative was recently enabled to inquire into the methods of application of this new Treatment. He was informed that hundreds of cases are being treated at the present time by this Institution, and that 99 per cent. of those who undergo the Treatment are cured. Even the very worst cases of bad legs of twenty to fifty years' standing are cured by the Tremol Treatment without a particle of pain, without a moment's rest, without neglect of work, and without the possibility of failure. It is emphatically stated that this wonderful Treatment cures to stay cured for all time.

Think what this means! It appears to foreshadow nothing short of a revolution in the medical treatment of all forms of bad legs. The writer was assured that there will be no more uncertain cures, for Tremol Treatment cures with absolute certainty, and that there will be no more rest cures, which never last, for Tremol Treatment cures a bad leg whilst the patient is going about his daily work. It is, in fact, claimed for this new Treatment that it will cure every kind of bad leg. By its use varicose ulcers melt away, and when combined with varicose veins disappear; eczema vanishes; swollen and painful legs become painless, and the numerous other complications of this painful disease readily yield to its application.

PATIENTS CURED AT HOME.

The most remarkable feature of the work carried on by the National Infirmary for Bad Legs is the wonderful organisation which enables it to keep in close touch with every patient undergoing the Tremol Treatment. We will endeavour to explain how the system works which enables its Staff to keep in such close touch with its hundreds of patients. A sufferer, for instance, living in the most remote country village, hears of the Tremol Treatment for the first time, and writes to make inquiry with regard to it. The letter is at once dealt with, when it reaches the Institution. There is no delay. If the case is accepted the sufferer becomes a patient, and from that day till the cure is complete is under the supervision of the Staff of the Institution, and at intervals reports the progress of his or her case, and is advised throughout its entire course, and until the cure is complete and permanent.

A GREAT ADVANTAGE.

The Tremol Treatment has one great advantage over every other treatment for bad legs. It can be applied in the sufferer's own home with ease, and with the certainty of obtaining a cure. There are very many different courses of Tremol Treatment, and after the history of each case has been studied, the course most suitable is prescribed, and if necessary modified. No matter how far distant patients may be from the Infirmary, how remote the village they live in, their case is under the continual attention and direct supervision of the National Infirmary for Bad Legs. This alone places the Tremol Treatment within the reach of all patients, no matter what their financial position may be or where they live. It is also interesting to know that this Treatment only takes about ten minutes every other day, or five minutes daily, to apply.

THOSE WHO LIVE AT A DISTANCE.

Those who are prevented by distance from calling should fill up the attached coupon and address it to the Secretary, National Infirmary for Bad Legs (Ward BL), Great Clowes Street, Broughton, Manchester, when a copy of an illustrated book, "Cures by the Cured," which has been specially prepared at great expense, in order to spread a knowledge of how to cure this disease, will be sent free of charge. It is full of sound advice, and provides every sufferer with the means of bringing about a speedy and permanent recovery, even when other doctors, hospitals, and specialists have failed to help them. The National Infirmary will make a free gift of a copy to every sufferer in the United Kingdom, during the next few weeks, who signs and forwards the attached coupon, and they advise every one of the readers who suffers from, or knows someone suffering from, a bad leg, to write for a copy of this valuable book before the supply is exhausted.

Please address your letter with coupon to **National Infirmary for Bad Legs (Ward BL), 208, Great Clowes Street, Broughton, Manchester.**

COUPON (Ward BL).

NAME .....
Miss, Mrs., Mr., or Rev.

ADDRESS .....

.....

State Complaint .....

.....

"John Bull's" Letter Bag.

[The EDITOR replies to, and chats with, some of his numerous correspondents.]

CORRESPONDENTS ARE REQUESTED NOT TO SEND ORIGINAL CERTIFICATES, TESTIMONIALS, ETC., *as they are liable to be mislaid. Copies should be forwarded in the first instance. For a reply by post on personal subjects, a twopenny stamped envelope must be enclosed.*

LETTERS *must be addressed to the Editor or Publishers, 93, Long Acre, W.C.2, according to whether they relate to Editorial or Publishing matters.* FINANCIAL *or* LEGAL *enquiries should be addressed to the Financial or Legal Editor, and must be accompanied by a postal order for one shilling. No fee is charged in respect of other enquiries. Full name and address should be given.*

W. P. A. (Gloucester).—As you say, it's rough when the Government start to economise on Army pensions. That's the worst of "Anti-Waste" run mad.

"READER" (Ilford).—"Please put this in your book which I know Lloyd George takes in every week." Between ourselves, the latest report is that he buys two copies and lends one to Mrs. Asquith.

"DAUGHTERS" (Coventry).—We do not for an instant believe that the Northcliffe Press is engaged in any nefarious conspiracy. You seem to have a touch of "dyspep."

G. W. T. (Kirkcaldy).—Glad you liked the look of our offices. If not, we'd have had the whole lot pulled down and damn the expense.

J. T. (Birmingham).—So you think that as regards Private Rowe we were justified "in what we said." It would have been gall and wormwood to learn that you disagreed with us.

"FAIRPLAY" (London, S.W.).—We do not follow you in your copious Jew-slaying. There are some Christians we wouldn't be found dead in a field with.

"WIDOW" (Tilbury).—"I take a great interest in your speeches." We could tell from your handwriting you were a brainy woman.

"EX-SOLDIER" (Oregon).—"I give you credit for being successful." Good for you, sonny. You can buy the flies you find on us for a bob a time.

S. D. (Brecon).—"I am one of those who regularly read your articles." Now we have heard that, we are all of an itch to write the next.

G. Y. (Tamworth).—"I wish I had been seen by a man like yourself." Very nice of you, of course, although perhaps, if you had been, the rest of your life would have seemed rather tame.

A. W. K. (Glasgow).—"The Government is making us all sick." We always said it was a spurious affair.

"ANNIE."—"You are a noble man because you help the weak." Thanks, dearie; we love to be made a fuss of.

R. McL. (Dublin).—"Some time ago I called at your premises." Was it you who pinched the office Bible?

"FAIRPLAY" (Pall Mall, S.W.).—We are entirely in favour of a statue to Lord Fisher, but afraid we haven't room for it at this address.

"NUTSHELL" (Plymouth).—"I should like a chat with you." Sorry to disappoint you, but be consoled with the thought that at your age ecstatic pleasure is apt to cause heart failure.

C. E. (Stockton-on-Tees).—So you think the ship of State "has got barnacles on her bottom." Very possibly you have discovered the seat of the trouble.

W. R. (Bishop's Stortford).—We note that you approve of the Government's methods in Ireland. If they knew your feelings it might assist them to keep a stiff upper-lip.

P. J. (Lowestoft).—"Your Independent programme looks to other things besides economy." That's the best of it, as the old woman said when she ate the head of the bloater.

H. A. (Tenterden).—Your letter on the Irish situation to hand. Sounds as though you have been sleeping with a Sinn Feiner.

"READER" (Edmonton, N.).—We never asked anyone to send us lists of motor-car numbers. You will expect us soon to offer a prize for counting the couples in the Park.

"ULSTERMAN" (Enniskillen). — The King, by Letters Patent, during the war, assumed the surname of Windsor, but it would not be correct to call him by it on a first introduction.

MRS. H. C. (Tiverton).—Before you send us another four-verse poem you might make sure there are no buttons off your hubby's trousers.

N. S. (Oban).—You evidently have a poor opinion of the Pope of Rome, unless of course you are simply blowing off steam.

G. M. (Kidderminster).—We should have read your letter more easily if you hadn't upset the inkpot over it. However, better luck next time.

J. C. L. (Chelsea, S.W.).—Although you have been corresponding for twelve months with the P.M.G., without result, we urge you strongly to abandon your intention of "spitting in somebody's eye."

P. S. (North Wilts).—"Would a rich boy have suffered in the same way?" Most likely, and probably in the same place.

"EX-SERVICE MAN" (Romford).—We have perused the cutting you sent us, but certainly do not "fall in with the gentleman's way of thinking." We would rather fall in a beer-vat.

"ONE OF 'EM" (Dumfries).—"As you are aware——" Then why waste paper and ink?

M. K. W. (Eastbourne).—"I send the enclosed extracts, thinking they will interest you." Unfortunately the best one was swallowed by the office cat.

M. B. (Mansfield).—Fancy the parson doing so well in the raffle. The wicked old darling!

J. M. C. (Devon).—"Before me lies page 5 of the *Morning Post*." Let us hope the other pages are more truthful.

V. H. W. (Essex).—You should not write to us in copying pencil. It scarifies our eyeballs.

H. H. (Harlesden, N.W.).—It is quite true, of course, that all "ladies" are not wives, but it is a pity to go and mess up a respectable hotel-register.

W. J. C. (West Ealing).—You certainly caught the cartoonist napping. Let us hope he is more careful when it is his salary he is drawing.

A. M. W. (London, N.W.).—"I am flying from Bolshevism." Mind you don't trip over your bootlaces.

"OLD SAILOR."—Sorry no "spare corner" to insert your letter. Perhaps it would ease you a bit if you chalked up the gist of it on the garden wall.

"HELPLESS" (Chichester).—A man has no right to chastise his wife. The bare idea!

"POET" (Birkenhead).—Glad you liked our cartoon. If ever it doesn't please you, kindly ring up on the 'phone and say so.

"COMRADE" (Hendon, N.W.).—As you suggest, "women are all right in their place," but we don't mean what you mean, so you can stop your nonsense.

J. E. C. C. (Pretoria).—"Your paper was a great help years ago." If your mother had taught you manners you might have found a nicer way of putting it.

F. P. (New Zealand).—Sorry to hear your rector suffers so badly from "decrepitude." Does he still take his sherbet?

"CHIPPY" (Hayling Island).—The only way we could read your letter was to pin it on the wall and mount a step-ladder. For the next we will send you a bit of notepaper if we know in time.

"LYSOL" (Stratford, E.).—Rather a sanitary *nom-de-plume*. Looks as though you don't like the smell of yourself.

"WELLWISHER". (Hastings). — We don't quite catch the idea of sending us a list of 'bus advertisements. Are you related to the genius who sends us a fortnightly packet of raisin stones?

MRS. K. F. (South Devon).—"This country is in need of a sound Lord Althorp." We'll mention it to his mother.

MRS. E. H. (Cornwall).—Your letter pointing out two alleged mistakes in JOHN BULL has highly incensed our staff, who threaten to resign in a body if you can't be civil.

R. G. W. (Clapton, E.) writes that if the relatives of the late Private P. N. Downie do not possess a photograph of his grave at Wimereux, he will be happy to furnish same upon application addressed to this office.

MRS. J. B. H. (Norfolk).—Your letter to hand *re* Government inspectors. No mistake, you do tick them off.

"SEMPER FIDELIS" (Exeter).—It would appear that at school you had a good grounding in the Classics. Which end did they drive them in?

S. C. (Lowestoft).—"I think the Post Office are robbers." Your anger equals that of the lady who had her seat pinched in a 'bus.

R. P. (Hayward's Heath).—Afraid we cannot solve your conundrum. Did you ever hear the one about the Boy Scout and the Kangaroo?

S. R. (Woolwich, S.E.).—You appear to have had a large family. Perhaps a less expensive hobby might amuse you quite as well.

"ANTI-HYPOCRITE" (Cape Colony).—Your four-page grouse to hand. Perhaps you would take a rosier view of life if you ate more vegetables.

T. A. S. (Hampstead, N.W.).—"In the battle of life only sustained endeavour will succeed." So we were taught by our doting parents when cutting our milk teeth.

"UNFORTUNATE" (Waterloo, S.E.).—We are all for helping those who "fought and bled." Be careful to change your pants as soon as the weather turns.

F. O. T. (Andover).—Sorry we do not quite catch your drift. Perhaps you could make your meaning plainer by means of a few diagrams.

W. E. T. (Balham, S.W.).—We agree that the official in question should have been reprimanded for "being rude." Serve him right if you had made a face at him.

S. A. L. (Lagos).—Cannot make out what you mean by saying you have "got our catalogue." You have certainly got our goat.

C. G. B. (Oxford).—"I am honouring myself by writing to you." Not 'alf!

PTE. C. W. R. (India).—Sorry, old son, but you might as well write a "Bullets" entry on the tail of your shirt as on any piece of paper other than the proper Coupon. So now you know.

"BRITISHER."—You will be happy to know that your righteous wrath over the employment of aliens finds in the editorial bosom a spirited response.

H. J. (London).—We note that when joining the Oddfellows you had to give them your life history including "all deceases." You'll get deceased once too often if you don't mind your step

H. K. (Ayr).—From your report, the bookmaker who "argued down your throat" was no gentleman. Serve him right if you had shut your mouth in his face.

"CURIOUS" (London, S.E.).—You seem to be the sort of chap who would worry himself sick over the number of hairs in a cat's tail.

A. F. W. (Harringay, N.).—"I have never sponged." Nobody will think the less of you for that if you wash yourself nicely every day with the soap and flannel.

"JOHN BULL" Pen Coupon Value 2d.

By sending this coupon with P.O. for 3/- and 2d. stamps for postage, the holder is entitled to receive a "John Bull" Gold Nibbed Fountain Pen, STANDARD MODEL. Additional Coupons up to 6 from "JOHN BULL," any dates, may be saved and used in part payment, each counting as 2d. off the price. Thus you may send 7 coupons and P.O. for 2/- only and 2d. stamps for postage.

DE LUXE MODEL, 1/3 Extra.

Address, Pen Dept., JOHN BULL, Long Acre, London, W.C. 2. *Sept. 3, 1921.*

P.O.'s shou'd be made payable to "John Bull" and crossed & Co

N.B.—State whether you prefer Fine, Medium, or Broad Nib.

A 10/6 JOHN BULL PEN Absolutely FREE

SEE PAGE iii. OF COVER.

EVERY PEN IS GUARANTEED.

LETTER BAG.—(Continued.)

K. E. T. (Essex).—We cannot say whether the distinguished woman writer you name has "found a mate." Perhaps she keeps goldfish.

"CARMAN" (York).—You needn't be so upset because someone called your wife a "female." Bet you'd raise hell if she wasn't.

"PERCY" (Hunstanton).—"I find it difficult at times to control my inclinations." You should try country walks and a fruit diet.

E. E. C. (Harringay, N.).—As a matter of fact, only one member of our staff is anything of a poet, and he, since reading your effort, says he would like to die.

F. W. (Marylebone).—On reading your complimentary letter we blushed to the waist.

A. T. H. (Buxton).—Delighted to hear of your probable election as a Member of Parliament. Hope you'll have a fine day for it.

"OBSERVER."—We certainly do not approve of people "becoming brides before they are seventeen." Not after that—if they can't cook a kipper.

S. H. (Bristol).—"Mother Astor makes an awful mess of everything she speaks on." Pity she didn't go on "Mother Astoring" and leave politics alone.

A. L. (Hull).—So glad to hear you "peruse our columns." Be careful not to read too fast and get your eyelashes twisted.

P. S. (Southampton).—We note that it is seven years since your last child was born. You had better touch wood.

F. M. (Cambridge).—Your saucy letter to hand. You remind us of the girl who split her camisole.

T. P. (H.M.S. *Royal Oak*).—We note there was recently a "difference of opinion" in your mess. Hope no one spat in the soup.

L. W. (Aix-en-Provence).—It is quite true that profiteering in English newspapers is still rampant in France, and, unless it happens to be JOHN BULL they are buying, most people begrudge the money.

T. P. C. (East Croydon).—If you can give us the address where a whisky can be bought for threepence we will guarantee a queue from there to Land's End.

"MYSTIFIED" (Preston).—We cannot quite fathom your remorse. Better men than you have missed the last 'bus.

C. F. P. (India).—"Out here it isn't safe to open your mouth." For fear, we suppose, that some one will pour beer into it.

H. D. S. (Frodsham).—"To the devil with routine"—as the old lady said when she fell out of the attic window.

"OLD CONTEMPTIBLE" (Folkestone).—Glad to say we are still quite strong "in heart and hand." Also nice and comfy in the stomach, if we may be allowed to mention it.

"ADMIRER" (Gravesend).—"It is dirty and mean to persistently write long articles." All our staff agree except the office boy, who only contradicts for cheek.

F. S. (Walworth).—"Surely we are a Gentile people." You may search us.

M. O'L. (Islington).—We no more approve of "rank Hunism" than you do. So none of your sauce.

E. W. (Hereford).—Thanks for your friendly letter. If you will drop into the office one day we'll split a banana.

G. G. (Toronto).—"I am one of 17,000 ex-Service men out of work in this city." Emigrants, beware!

H. J. (Manchester).—We note that you received no reply to your letter addressed to us in December, 1920. We've raised hell in the office.

J. T. S. (Lincoln).—We are not quite sure what you mean by "moral breeches." Those we have worn seem to meet all reasonable requirements.

F. C. H. (Cardiff).—We cannot say how the fisherman caught the cod or how his "cod" caught you.

M. C. C. (Talawakelle).—"I cannot always get your paper." Then, we suppose, you discharge a volley of oaths.

NURSE L. S. F. (Norwood, S.E.).—"My God, what have we come to?" Precisely our own remark when we opened your letter.

W. P. (Birmingham). — You've overreached yourself this time, old son. What you mistake for "printer's pie" is first-class English.

J. P. (Wandsworth).—The expression "live men" means men who are not afraid of anything that makes a noise like work.

"PUZZLED" (London, N.).—"Am I clean forgiven?" You may be forgiven much if you are clean.

"IRISH LOYALIST."—Your indignation is justified, so we forgive your untrue charge that we "have sat silent, as much tied and hide-bound by Lloyd George as his most obedient followers could be."

D. M. (Edinburgh).—"The sun is now on its gloomy journey along the hill-tops." Good job you noticed it.

O. E. G. (Devonport).—Dropsy is frequently caused through indulgence in too many drops.

"ANXIOUS" (Liverpool).—"I know overseas are not what they were." Perhaps not, but they are a lot better than underseas any old time.

W. D. (Walthamstow). — The Law already has power to remove animals from the custody of persons deliberately cruel to them.

G. E. E. (Manor Park).—"If you can spare one of your valuable staff I will take him and show him how some of the L.C.C. money goes." We will look round and see which is the least valuable.

J. L. (Liverpool).—"In the event of an Irish Republic being acknowledged. . . ." That is an event which will not eventuate.

"YPRES."—You voice one of the reasons why we object to the cry "Economy *without Exception*." We want economy, but not at the cost of men who, like you, fought for the country.

S. R. (Newark).—"I was told that only subscribers get a chance for your prizes." Then you can forget it. A big prize-winner might get his winning coupon from a copy left in a tramcar!

"PENSIONS" (Regent's Park).—"So many really necessary clerks have been dismissed as 'economy,' that those left will soon be ill from overwork." About as likely as their dying from frost-bite.

J. E. (Kingswood).—Certainly we understand your indignation about Austrian appeals for charity. Like a burglar asking his victim to support his wife and family while he is in jail!

(Many replies are unavoidably held over.)

MIDLAND.

COOK'S SUMMER EXCURSIONS

FROM ST. PANCRAS.

Departures.	Destination.
Every Friday, 7.10 p.m.	FOR 8 or 15 DAYS. EDINBURGH, GLASGOW, and other stations in SCOTLAND and Carlisle.
Every Saturday, 10.25 a.m.	Ambergate, Bedford, Burton, Buxton, Chinley, Derby, Farnworth, Kettering, Leicester, Liverpool, Loughboro', Manchester, Market Harboro', Marple, Matlock, Miller's Dale, Southport, Stockport, Warrington, Wellingboro'.
Every Saturday, 10.40 a.m.	Barnsley, Bolton Abbey, Bradford, Chesterfield, Cudworth, Harrogate, Ilkley, Keighley, Lancaster, Leeds, Mansfield, Morecambe, Normanton, Northampton, Nottingham, Otley, Py Bridge, Rotherham, Sheffield, Shipley, and Skipton.
Every Saturday, 1.55 p.m.	HALF-DAY EXCURSIONS TO Elstree, Radlett, St. Alban's, Harpenden, Luton, and Bedford.
Every Week-day and on Sundays. For times, see bills.	**4/- DAY EXCURSIONS** TO SOUTHEND-ON-SEA, WESTCLIFF and LEIGH. ALSO FROM FENCHURCH STREET (The shortest route).

For particulars of above, and of Excursions from PROVINCIAL CENTRES, apply to the MIDLAND RAILWAY CO., ST. PANCRAS, or any MIDLAND TICKET OFFICE or OFFICES of THOS. COOK & SON.

Derby, 1921. FRANK TATLOW, General Manager.

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"Last the time of three."

PHILLIPS REVOLVING RUBBER HEELS

DON'T hope for the best: GET it— SUNDAY ILLUSTRATED—

HOW TO MAKE "BULLETS."

First choose any of the Thirty-two examples given below. Then give **TWO, THREE** or **FOUR** words having some bearing on the example chosen. Any **ONE** of the words selected must begin with any letter in the example chosen. The other words selected can begin with any letters in the alphabet. This example will guide you:—Example:—FAIR FIGHT. Bullet:—FOR SEAT IN PARLIAMENT. Competitors may send in two BULLETS for sixpence. If more coupons are used, an entry fee at the rate of 6d. for each coupon must be sent.

LIST OF EXAMPLES FOR "BULLETS" COMPETITION No. 421.

NOTICE TO QUIT	REAL ECONOMY	WHEN PLAY BEGINS	AN ENGLISHMAN
IN GOVERNMENT'S HANDS	A LOVELY TIME	FOOTBALL FAVOURITE	SPENDING AND SAVING
GETTING NO BETTER	WE SELDOM GET	FAME AND FORTUNE	FULL UP
THROWING MONEY AWAY	OVERLOOKED	NEEDS IMPROVING	FAIR MASTER
OUT OF LUCK	MY LOSS	GETTING BUSY	REFRESHING
THE RIGHT MOMENT	SOBER TRUTH	RECORDING ANGEL	DRINKING HOURS
KICKING OVER TRACES	NOT FOR LONG	THE EASY ROAD	AFTER A HOLIDAY
WHEN TIDE TURNS	ONE'S ENOUGH	VERY SOON	FIRST AND LAST

No.____ Closing Date, Thursday, September 8th.
Example_____
Bullet_____
Example_____
Bullet_____
(423) P.O. No._____ Signed_____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 1 Coupon, send P.O. for 6d. Address_____

☞ If unable to secure extra coupons you can write your "Bullets" on plain paper.

No.____ Closing Date, Thursday, September 8th.
Example_____
Bullet_____
Example_____
Bullet_____
(423) P.O. No._____ Signed_____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 2 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s. Address_____

Envelopes should be marked "Bullets" No. 423, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

No.____ Closing Date, Thursday, September 8th.
Example_____
Bullet_____
Example_____
Bullet_____
(423) P.O. No._____ Signed_____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 3 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s. 6d. Address_____

No.____ Closing Date, Thursday, September 8th.
Example_____
Bullet_____
Example_____
Bullet_____
(423) P.O. No._____ Signed_____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 4 Coupons, send P.O. for 2s. Address_____

SELECTION OF EXAMPLES FOR "BULLETS" COMPETITION No. 424.

OUR PRIME MINISTER—NEXT YEAR—LADIES AND GENTLEMEN—COMING OF AGE—WHITEHALL—ON BUSINESS LINES—SURPLUS WOMEN—FAIR CHANCE—WITHOUT A HUSBAND—WILL NEVER WORK—NO PLACE FOR ME—OUT OF OFFICE—ROSEY PARKER—NO EARTHLY USE—THE LIMPETS—WE MUST NOT—FLAPPER'S DRESS—SEASIDE DONKEY—MY BONUS—UNNECESSARY.

These examples can be made use of on the Coupons above and must reach us on or before **Thursday, September 22nd.** All Coupons so used **MUST** be marked clearly with the number **424** in the top left-hand corner, and envelopes containing these Coupons must be addressed "Bullets" No. 424, JOHN BULL, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Such Coupons must not contain any of the Thrity-two Examples for Competition No. 423.

Result of 421st 'Bullets' Competition

FIRST PRIZE OF £250:

Mr. S. BROKETT,
12, Highbury Road, Smethwick.
Example:—CAUSE AND EFFECT.
Bullet:—A HAIR—"AHA!"

SECOND PRIZE OF £20:

Mr. F. E. BROWN, Floral Farm, St. Clement, Jersey, C.I.
Example:—PLEASANT SUNDAY.
Bullet:—NOT WHEN WIFE "PREACHES."

THIRD PRIZE OF £10:

Mr. H. GILL, Innisfallen, Weighton Road, Anerley, S.E.
Example:—ONLY WOMAN.
Bullet:—DOESN'T MAKE PARLIAMENT EDEN.

10 Prizes of £5 each:

Mr. J. CAMPBELL, 125, Amesbury Avenue, Streatham Hill, S.W.2:
LITTLE MAN—ONLY APPLAUDS HOME TEAM.
Mr. ALLEN, 44, Coleman Road, Camberwell, S.E.5:
RUNNING AWAY—WOULD PUZZLE TENANT NOW.
Mr. T. DICKSON, 317, Turton Road, Tottington, Bury:
WHEEL OF FORTUNE—TEUTON MUSTN'T BE PATENTEE.
Mr. D. LLOYD, 74, Commercial Street, Maesteg, Glam.:
UNCROWNED KING—TIME COALITION PRODUCED ANOTHER.
Mr. J. WATSON, 15, Institute Street, Wheatley Hill, Co. Durham:
NOT ENOUGH—FOR EITHER, IDEAL COMPROMISE.
Mr. W. MOFFATT, 94, Calder Street, Everton, Liverpool:
MY WIFE HOPES—DAUGHTERS WON'T SWELL SURPLUS.
Mr. D. R. JONES, 67, Mikado St., Penygraig, Rhondda:
FIGHTING CHANCE—NOT IF BULLDOG'S TOOTHLESS.
Miss J. SANSOM, 14, Harnage Road, Brentford:
MOST COMFORTING—IRELAND FIGHTING FOR PEACE.
Mr. H. B. CROOME, 18, Poplar Grove, Rugby:
ROUGH SEAS—PREVENT INDUSTRY "LAUNCHING OUT."
Mr. W. H. BISSELL, 13, Regent Street, Pleck, Walsall:
NOT ENOUGH—TORS BEHIND WASTERS YET.

10 Prizes of £2 10s. each:

Mr. H. W. FOLEY, 69, Brodrick Street, South Shields:
TALKING SHOP—TOO MANY "INCOMPETENT ASSISTANTS."
Mr. H. COLE, 33, Grove Park Av., Brislington, Bristol:
WHERE HONOUR IS DUE—GOVERNMENT SHOULD "KEEP ACCOUNT."
Mr. A. MOORE, Lanark Cottage, High Path Rd., Merrow, Surrey:
PLEASANT SUNDAY—THE WORKERS' "SEVENTH HEAVEN."
Mr. A. E. MUDD, Carlton Barracks, Leeds:
WHAT WORLD WANTS—ALL GOODS—NO PASSENGERS.
Mrs. J. SILCOX, 126, St. Stephen Street, Edinburgh:
THE WRONG DOOR—WHERE TOMMY'S THE DOORMAT.
Mr. T. YOUD, Waverton, Chester:
SEASIDE LODGINGS—"BED OF ROSES" OUTSIDE.
Mr. W. J. ACHESON, c.o. 113, Eaton Street, Hanley:
AFTER A BATHE—FLAPPERS "POWDER" LIKE "SHOT."
Mr. F. CLEMENTS, c.o. Lewellens, Ltd., Clacton-on-Sea:
PAST REDEMPTION—PEACE DOVE THINKS EUROPE.
Mr. CALDER, 192, Ribblesdale Rd., Streatham, S.W.16:
ROUGH SEAS—PREMIER'S AN INEFFICIENT STEWARD.
Mr. W. A. POLS, 16, Bridge Place, East Croydon:
WHAT WORLD WANTS—TO-MORROW, PARIS WEARS TO-DAY.

BULLETS RULES 1. The First Prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the Judges, in consultation with the Editor, is the best "Bullet" received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality.

2. Bullets must be plainly written on one of the coupons and only two attempts may be written on each coupon.

3. All four coupons may be used, and a postal order enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of, which must be made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed _____ and Co. Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated.

4. All coupons arriving too late to be judged with absolute thoroughness will be duly returned.

5. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

6. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

THE JOHN BULL GREAT FREE FIRE INSURANCE

COVERING ALL RISKS BY FIRE TO HOME, LIFE & LIMB.

UNDER this most unique FREE INSURANCE OFFER anyone above the age of 10 can be insured irrespective of sex.

The premium charged by any Fire and Accident Insurance Company to secure similar benefits would certainly exceed 5s. per annum. You pay it in ten absolutely free.

We have made our insurance as simple and comprehensive as possible, and shall not bother about any "Legal Representative" or "next of kin." Claims will be paid to the registered reader, who must personally sign the coupon, or to the person nominated thereon, and to no one else.

A separate coupon must be filled up in respect to each person to be insured.

This offer applies only to persons residing in, and property situated in, England, Scotland, and Wales.

The full conditions governing this scheme will be published from time to time.

WHAT WE WILL PAY:

For Damage to contents of Home by Fire up to	£200
In case of Death directly due to Fire of Registered Reader's home	£200
For the Loss of Two Limbs or Both Eyes, or One Limb and One Eye	£200
For the Loss of One Limb or One Eye	£100
Medical Fees for Injuries not proving fatal but incapacitating the injured person from following his, or her, employment, up to ..	£10
In the event of a Temporary Total Disablement up to 13 weeks..	£1 per week

ALREADY PAID 529 CLAIMS.

FULL CONDITIONS.

This offer applies only to persons over 10 years and residing in, and property situated in, England, Scotland, and Wales.

Any number of persons in one family may be separately insured provided an order for JOHN BULL is placed and a registration form is forwarded in respect of each person.

Claims, which must be confined to one of the benefits, must be received by us within three days of the loss or damage, and in the case of death, such death must occur within thirty days, and as a direct and sole result of the injury.

Payment will be made subject to any rights which the claimant may have or acquire against, or under, any other Insurance Scheme, Company, or otherwise, and the Proprietors of JOHN BULL shall not be liable until the registered reader has exhausted his or her right under such insurance.

This offer applies only to the dwelling-houses, apartments, or dwelling-rooms attached to business premises of the registered reader, but not to business premises or stock-in-trade.

We reserve to ourselves the right to limit our total payments under this scheme to £10,000, and to discontinue, or make any variation of this offer by the publication of notice in JOHN BULL. The decision of the proprietors of JOHN BULL upon all questions shall be final.

In order to safeguard ourselves it is stipulated that a fire will not be recognised as such unless a call has been made upon the local Fire Brigade or appliance.

Owing to lack of space, the Newsagents' Order Form and Readers' Registration Form is held over, but will again appear in next week's issue.

THE BIGGEST ONE-WEEK FOOTBALL PRIZE

£1,000 MUST BE WON for ONLY TEN RESULTS OR NEXT BEST COUPON

THE sum of £1,000 will be paid to the sender of a coupon containing the correct results of the 10 matches given. If 10 correct results are not given, the £1,000 will be awarded to the sender of the most correct results, so that in any event the £1,000 **MUST BE WON.** This is the **BIGGEST ONE-WEEK FOOTBALL PRIZE OFFERED BY ANY PAPER.**

We advise competitors to make a careful study of football form before filling in their coupons. Scottish and Irish readers can compete. Competitors may send in as many coupons as they like.

ONLY TEN RESULTS! ONE-WEEK COMPETITION ONLY TEN RESULTS!

READ THESE RULES CAREFULLY.

(1) All attempts must be made on coupons taken from papers announcing this competition. Coupons must be completely filled in with ink in ordinary handwriting (typewriting or pencil will not be allowed) and in accordance with the instructions given on this page.

(2) The sum of £1,000 (one thousand pounds) will be paid to the competitor sending a coupon containing the correct results of all the matches played to a finish. If no competitor succeeds in giving all the correct results, the sum of £1,000 will be paid to the competitor sending a coupon with the most correct results. In the event of a tie or ties, the prize to be won will be equally divided amongst the most successful competitors. No competitor can receive more than one share of the £1,000. Should any match not be played to a finish on the date given, or as set out on the coupon, it will be disregarded.

(3) Ten crosses in all must be marked on each coupon, one for each match. Coupons marked otherwise will be disqualified.

(4) No responsibility will be accepted by the Editor for the loss, delay or non-delivery of any coupon. Proof of posting will not be accepted as proof of delivery or receipt. No correspondence will be entered into, nor will interviews be granted.

(5) An altered or mutilated coupon will be disqualified. Any coupon received later than **Thursday, Sept. 8th,** will be disqualified.

(6) The Editor's decision must be accepted as final and legally binding in all matters concerning this Competition, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

HOW TO FILL UP YOUR COUPONS.

If you think the "Home" team will win, place a X in the column headed "Home"; if you think the "Away" team will win, place a X in the column headed "Away"; if you think the result will be a draw, place a X in the column headed "Draw." **Only one X must be entered for each match.** Coupons must be completely filled up in ink.

This competition is run in conjunction with "Sunday Illustrated" and "Sunday Evening Telegram."

Cut out Coupon neatly, and address all entries as follows: **Football Competition No. 3, "JOHN BULL," 25, Floral Street, Covent Garden, London, W.C.2.** Write "Football" in top left-hand corner of envelope. All coupons can be enclosed in one envelope, but this must not contain entries for other Competitions.

COMPETITORS MAY SEND AS MANY COUPONS AS THEY LIKE.

Result of "Football Competition No. 1" will appear in next week's issue.

"JOHN BULL" FREE FOOTBALL COUPON.

Closing Date, Thursday, September 8th.

MATCHES TO BE PLAYED SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 10th.

HOME TEAM		AWAY TEAM	HOME	AWAY	DRAW
Chelsea	v.	Manchester U.			
Preston N. E.	v.	Aston Villa			
Sheffield United	v.	Liverpool			
West Brom. A.	v.	Blackburn Rovers			
Leeds United	v.	Blackpool			
Hull City	v.	Fulham			
Stoke	v.	Clapton Orient			
Leicester City	v.	South Shields			
Exeter City	v.	Portsmouth			
Norwich City	v.	Queen's P. R.			

Coupons must be cut—not torn out.

I enter "JOHN BULL" Football Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions on this page and agree to accept the Editor's decision as final and legally binding and enter on that understanding.

(3) SIGNED .....

ADDRESS .....

A PEN SENSATION!

"John Bull's" Great FREE Gift

In order to introduce the "John Bull" Self-Filling Model Fountain Pen—"The King of Pens"—to as wide a public as possible, we have decided, for a limited period, to present every purchaser of one of these 17/6 pens (which sell at 8/9) with a "J.B." Standard Model Pen, value 10/6, *absolutely free.* The handsome Self-Filling Model, shown above, actual size, is the last word in pen efficiency and value. It contains all the latest improvements and is guaranteed to give you complete and lasting satisfaction with ordinary usage for at least 10 years. *It is in every way equal to pens usually sold for 17/6.*

This 10/6 Pen FREE

THIS IS THE "JB" STANDARD MODEL (VALUE 10/6) which is given FREE to every purchaser of a "King of Pens." Over two millions of these famous pens have been sold and have given complete satisfaction. They are made for hard work and efficiency and every pen is guaranteed by "JOHN BULL"

Don't let this opportunity slip. Fill in the Coupon AT ONCE and post it with P.O. for 8/9 (plus 5d. for postage and registration). Such an offer may never come your way again. THIS OFFER IS OPEN FOR 10 DAYS ONLY.

Post this Coupon To-day.

N.B.—When ordering state whether Fine, Medium or Broad Nibs are required.

USE THIS COUPON.

To the Manager,
"John Bull"
Pen Dept., Long Acre,
London, W.C. 2.

I enclose P.O. Cheque for 8/9. Please send me by registered post a "King of Pens" together with free gift, "Standard Model" Pen.
I require

(Fine Med. or Broad).....nibs

Name * .....

Address * .....

.....

Date.....

* For the sake of clearness write in PRINTED LETTERS.

This coupon is available for ten days only from Wednesday, August 31, 1921.

Your Trouble is INDIGESTION

IT IS NOT YOUR LIVER.

CICFA restores DIGESTION

On holidays, when you are travelling, visiting, or eating away from home, it is not the Liver, it is Bowel Indigestion which causes that troublesome CONSTIPATION. CICFA removes that trouble. READ THE REASON WHY.

You have a Liver. You think it is affected. The chances are 10 to 1 that your Liver itself is perfectly sound, but its action is being upset by frequently dosing it with purgatives, etc., and as a consequence your food is not digesting, but fermenting and creating gases.

As it is rolled down the Bowel, the Starchy part, like bread, potatoes, beans, etc., is formed into little hard dry masses, or "Starch Balls," which block the passage, and you have Constipation, also a defective Bile Circulation. Fermentation continues, and acids and impurities from the undigested food are absorbed through the wall of the Bowel into the blood and poured on into the Liver. Though your Liver may be quite healthy, it is soon overworked and giving you troublesome symptoms; therefore your symptoms are not due to an affected Liver, but to those acids and impurities which are formed by Indigestion in the Bowel and carried on to the Liver.

Your blood becomes impure and more acid, affecting your joints and deep muscles, causing Rheumatism, Lumbago, and Sciatica.

It is therefore useless to treat the Rheumatism, the Lumbago, the Sciatica, or the Liver. They are not at fault. The fault lies in the Bowel Indigestion. You must remove that Indigestion by restoring Digestion.

Probably you suffer also from Acid Dyspepsia.

Whether you have Acid Dyspepsia or some other form of Stomach Indigestion, it should receive immediate attention, because each stage of Digestion affects each succeeding stage, so that the upsetting of digestion in one portion of the tract quickly affects digestion in other portions. Ordinary Indigestion remedies, such as Pepsin, Bismuth, Soda, Rhubarb, etc., cannot therefore be expected to cure you, for at best they can only help in local spots, **while any remedy which can Cure must be able to correct the errors of Digestion wherever they are occurring throughout the whole alimentary tract.**

Cicfa can do this, because **Cicfa restores Digestion** at every point along the whole alimentary tract.

Cicfa ensures complete digestion of all the Albuminous food in the Stomach and all the Starchy food in the Bowel, corrects the Bile Circulation, prevents fermentation and the formation of "Starch Balls," so that all the nourishment is absorbed into the blood, the refuse is normal, and there can be no Constipation. Cicfa, in fact, ensures the formation of such Digestive Ferments as Nature requires.

The following, like all our testimonials, was unsolicited:—

"Weeton, Staffs.

"Sirs,—My conscience prompts me to write you a word of praise for your Cicfa. I am one of those men who simply detested the idea of having anything to do with any sort of patent medicines. I have suffered ever since I was 21 years of age with Stomach Indigestion, and now I am 36 years old. I have tried all the home-made remedies that I could possibly get, and I was also under treatment, but I was no better. I was telling an old friend how I was suffering with my Stomach, and how it used to take all the energy out of me, and he recommended me to have a bottle of Cicfa tablets. I took his advice and had two small bottles. I took the two bottles in the space of a fortnight and I have never had a symptom since, nor a tablet since. I don't need any, for I am cured. If Cicfa cures everyone as fast as it cured me, I don't see how it pays to manufacture it.

"Yours respectfully, S. L."

18,000 BRITISH DOCTORS *have taken up Cicfa, and hundreds of them have written us of the splendid results which they have obtained by its use upon themselves, in their families, and in practice. When thousands of British doctors are satisfied with Cicfa, you do not need a sample with which to test it.*

There can be no better proof. You can purchase Cicfa and commence using it immediately.

Sold Everywhere. Prices 1/3 and 3/-

THE CICFA CO.,

8, Duke St., Manchester Sq., London.

JOHN BULL, 3/9/21.

INDIGESTION SYMPTOMS

GASES in STOMACH with eructations.
Sharp Neuralgic HEADACHES.
ACID in Stomach with HEARTBURN.
TONGUE coated white all over.
COMPLEXION blotchy, with redness of Nose.
EATING disliked. Some Nausea.
PAINS darting through Chest. Burning spot behind left Shoulder Blade.

GASES in BOWEL or Flatulence.
Dull, Heavy HEADACHES.
ACIDITY causing Gout and Rheumatism.
TONGUE coated yellow at back.
COMPLEXION muddy or pasty.
EATING disliked or loathed. Biliousness and bad taste in mouth.
PAINS in Bowel, Griping and CONSTIPATION.

A Tired Nation Suffering from Nerves.

AN EFFORT TO RESTORE THE HEALTH STANDARD.

Dr. Cassell's Tablets Offered Free to the Public.

No manufacturer dare make the offer which will be found in this paragraph unless he were convinced of the virtue of his specific, but The Veno Drug Co., Ltd., know from positive daily experience that Dr. Cassell's Tablets are performing a wonderful work all over the world. Grateful testimony from thousands of nerve sufferers leaves no doubt at all of this, and therefore, they have decided that no excuse shall remain for the non-adoption of Dr. Cassell's Tablets in cases of nervous complaints generally, and particularly such ailments as Sleeplessness, Indigestion, Anæmia, Neuritis, Nervous Breakdown, Overstrain, Brain-fag, Kidney Complaints, and Children's Weakness, or where a nutritive and body-building medicine is required.

For the next few weeks only, it will be possible for all such sufferers to obtain a trial supply free and post paid in exchange for the mere trouble of sending a post card addressed to The Veno Drug Co., Ltd., Manufacturing Chemists, Chester-road, Manchester, writing clearly your full name and address. All Chemists sell Dr. Cassell's Tablets at 1s. 3d. and 3s. per box.

The Company's laboratories—the most perfectly equipped of any of their kind in the Empire, which are supervised by skilled chemists, and where the most scrupulous care is taken in the manufacture of the Company's products, are open daily to visitors.—[ADVT.]

GRAVES OF SHEFFIELD

Write for patterns, post free, of Overcoats, Suits, Costumes, Paletots, Raincoats, Mackintoshes, etc., or Catalogues of Footwear, Wool Goods, Drapery, Ladies' & Children's Clothing, Sheffield Cutlery, Ornamentals and Electric, Tea & Dinner Services, Bedsteads, Bedding, Second Mortgages, Cycles, Sewing Machines, Jewellery & Accessories, etc., direct to the Public.

GRAVES LTD. SHEFFIELD, ENGLAND

Good News for Skin Sufferers

Skin irritation stops the moment you apply Antexema, and wherever you are you can obtain this famous remedy. No matter whether your misery is due to eczema, a bad leg, bad hands, rash, scalp troubles or any other skin illness, Antexema will give immediate relief. Don't argue about the why or wherefore, but go to your chemist and get a bottle to-day. The first touch will convince. Continue using Antexema and your trouble will soon and for ever be ended. Eczema, rashes, bad legs, bad hands, pimples, blotches, barber's rash—all are cured by Antexema. Antexema is not a greasy ointment, but a beautiful liquid cream, which is invisible on the skin when applied.

Get Antexema To-day.

All chemists and stores, also Boots, Harrods, Selfridge's, Whiteley's, Lewis and Burrows', Taylors Drug Co., Timothy White's and Parke's supply Antexema at 3s. and 1s. 3d., the larger size being the more economical; or direct post free, 3s. and 1s. 6d. from Antexema, Castle Laboratory, London, N.W.1. Also throughout India, Australasia, Canada, Africa and Europe.

100,000 BOXES OF CIGARETTES FREE!

To all JOHN BULL Readers.

WOULD you like, absolutely free of charge, a box of the world's daintiest and most wonderful Cigarettes. It contains an assortment of all brands of ERAM-Khayyam Amber Cigarettes, tipped with petals of Roses, Mauve Silk, Real Gold and Cork. ERAM-Khayyam Cigarettes were until recently only to be found in the Divans and Harems of the native Princes of India and unknown to Europeans.

The delicious and subtle Oriental Perfume, reminds ful of the

MYSTERIOUS CHARMS, VISIONS,

and alluring sweetness of the romantic East, revealed as the Cigarette is smoked, conveys a new meaning to the cigarette smoker.

In order to introduce these delightful ERAM-Khayyam Cigarettes to a larger circle of smokers we have decided to distribute

100,000 Boxes FREE of

ERAM-Khayyam CIGARETTES

The Wealth and Solace of the East Dissolved in Dream Cloud Smoke.

NEVER before has such a generous offer been made, but we know that once you have tested ERAM-Khayyam Cigarettes you will always be their staunch friend.

To receive one of these beautiful free boxes post to us the Coupon below, together with Postal Order for 9d. or stamps to cover cost of postage and packing, and same will be forwarded to you by return of post, together with illustrated pamphlet.

Money gladly refunded if not wholly satisfied.

Further supplies may be obtained from all good-class Tobacconists and Stores.

READ THIS

Originals may be seen at our office.

"Dear Sirs, I have pleasure in writing to thank you for the beautiful Presentation Cabinet of excellent Cigarettes. They certainly are delicious.

Yours truly, D.G.S."

"Dear Sirs, Your Cigarettes certainly are a dream. Shall always smoke them.

Yours truly, D.B.M."

NOT SATISFIED.

"Dear Sirs,—Having daily 'sampled' your Cigarettes, I may state that I am *not satisfied* but like Oliver Twist, must *ask for more*. I have never had 'such a smoke' before. Please execute enclosed order, and send as per your generous offer of Holder

Yours truly M.L."

A SPECIAL INTRODUCTORY GIFT

In addition to the free trial Box of Cigarettes every applicant will also receive a FREE coupon for a magnificent real gold mounted Cigarette Holder 44 inches long, value 10/6

FREE GIFT COUPON.

TEAR OFF NOW before you forget.

Pin this coupon to a piece of paper with your name and address clearly written on same.

To L. & J. FABIAN,

ERAM Cig. Manfs. (Dept. C.B. 3), 74, New Bond St., London, W.1.

Please send me a Free Trial Box of ERAM-Khayyam Cigarettes. I enclose 9d. to cover cost of postage and packing.

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